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SACRED DRAMAS;

CHIEFLY INTENDED FOR

YOUNG PERSONS.



SACRED DRAMAS;

CHIEFLY INTENDED

FOR YOUNG PERSONS:

THE SUBJECTS TAKEN FROM THE BIBLE.

TO WHICH IS ADDED,

SENSIBILITY,

A POEM.

By Miss HANNAH MORE.

All the Books of the BIBLE are either most admirable exalted Pieces of Poetry, or are the best materials in the world for it.

COWLEY.

D U B L I N :

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M,DCC,LXXXIV.



TO HER GRACE
THE DUCHESS OF BEAUFORT;

THESE SACRED DRAMAS
ARE, WITH THE MOST PERFECT RESPECT,
INSCRIBED:

AS, AMONG THE MANY AMIABLE
AND DISTINGUISHED QUALITIES
WHICH ADORN HER MIND,
AND ADD LUSTRE TO HER RANK,
HER EXCELLENCE IN THE MATERNAL CHARACTER
GIVES A PECULIAR PROPRIETY
TO HER PROTECTION OF THIS LITTLE WORK;
WRITTEN WITH AN HUMBLE WISH
TO PROMOTE THE LOVE OF PIETY AND VIRTUE
IN YOUNG PERSONS;

BY HER GRACE'S
MOST OBDIENT,
MOST OBLIGED, AND
MOST HUMBLE SERVANT,

H. MORE.



ADVERTISEMENT.

I AM as ready as the most rigid Critic, to confess, that nothing can be more simple and inartificial than the plans of the following Dramas. In the construction of them, I have seldom ventured to introduce any persons* of my own creation: still

* Never, indeed, except in DANIEL, and that of necessity; as the Bible furnishes no more than two persons, Daniel and Darius; and these were not sufficient to carry on the business of the Piece.

less

less did I imagine myself at liberty to invent circumstances. I reflected, with awe, that *the place whereon I stood was holy ground*. All the latitude I permitted myself, was, to make such persons as I selected, act under such circumstances as I found; and express such sentiments as, in my humble judgment, appeared not unnatural to their situations.—Some of the speeches are so long, as to retard the action; for I rather aspired after Moral Instruction, than the purity of Dramatic Composition. The very terms of Act and Scene are avoided; because I was unwilling to awaken the attention of the Reader

to

to my deficiencies in critical exactness.

It will be thought that I have chosen, perhaps, the least important passage in the eventful Life of David, for the foundation of the Drama which bears his name. Yet even in this, his first exploit, the sacred Historian represents him as exhibiting no mean lesson of modesty, humility, courage and piety: virtues not only admirable, but imitable; and within the reach of every Reader. Many will think, that the introduction of Saul's daughter would have added to the effect of the piece: and I have no doubt, but that

that it would have made the intrigue more complicated, and more interesting, had this Drama been intended for the Stage. There, all that is tender and terrible in the passions, find a proper place. But I write for the Young, in whom it will be always time enough [to have them awakened; I write for a class of Readers, to whom it is not easy to accommodate one's subject *.

* It would not be easy, I believe, to introduce Sacred Tragedies on the English Stage. The scrupulous would think it profane, while the profane would think it dull. Yet the excellent RACINE, in a dissipated country, and a voluptuous court, ventured to adapt the story of *Athaliab* to the French Theatre; and it remains to us a glorious monument of its Author's courageous piety, and of the perfection of the Dramatic Art.

A very

A very judicious and learned friend has remarked, that the *Reflections of King Hezekiah* breathe rather too much of the spirit of Christianity; for that it is scarcely probable he had so settled a belief in the General Judgment. I feel the justness of the objection, without having been able to obviate it. I wished to convey a strong idea of this great leading truth; and have, perhaps improperly, ascribed sentiments to a Jewish monarch, merely because I wished to impress them on the Christian Reader.

The Critic and the Scholar, if any such should honour these pages with their attention, will find ample matter

ter on which to exercise their candor and their charity; qualities so natural to genius and to learning, that even the feebleness of the performance will not be able to obstruct the exertion of them in favour of my intention.

The amiable Poet * from whom I have taken my motto, after shewing the superiority of the Sacred, over the Profane Histories (some instances of which I have noticed in my Introduction,) concludes with the following remark, which I may apply to myself with more propri-

* Cowley.

ety than it was used by the Author:—" I am far from assuming to
" myself, to have fulfilled the duty
" of this weighty undertaking; and
" I shall be ambitious of no other
" fruit from this weak and imper-
" fect attempt of mine, but the
" opening of a way to the courage
" and industry of some other per-
" sons, who may be better able to
" perform it thoroughly and success-
" fully."



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T H E

I N T R O D U C T I O N .

O For the sacred energy, which struck
The harp of Jesse's son! or for a spark
Of that celestial flame, which touch'd the lips
Of blest'd Isaiah *; when the Seraphim
With living fire descended, and his soul
From sin's pollution purg'd! or one faint ray,
(If human things to heavenly I may join)
Of that pure spirit, which inflam'd the breast
Of Milton, God's own poet! when, retir'd,
In fair enthusiastic vision rapt,
'The *nightly visitant* deign'd bless his couch
With inspiration, such as never flow'd

* Isaiah, chap. vi.

From Aganippe's fount, or Acidale!
 Then, when the sacred fire within him burnt,
 He spake, as man or angel might have spoke,
 When man was pure, and angels were his guests.

It will not be,—Nor prophet's burning zeal,
 Nor muse of fire, nor yet to sweep the strings
 With sacred energy to me belongs;
 Nor with Miltonic hand to touch the chords,
 That wake to ecstasy. From me, alas!
 The secret source of harmony is hid;
 The magic powers which catch the ravish'd soul
 In melody's sweet maze, and the clear streams
 Which to pure Fancy's yet untasted springs
 Enchanted lead. Of these I nothing know;
 Yet, all unknowing, dare thy aid invoke,
 Spirit of Truth! who graciously hast said,
 That none who ask in faith should ask in vain.

You I invoke not now, ye fabled Nine!
 I not invoke you, though you well were sought
 In Greece and Latium, by immortal bards,
 Whose syren song enchants; and shall enchant,
 Thro' Time's wide-circling round, tho' false their
 faith,
 And less than human were the gods they sung.

Tho'



'Tho' false their faith, they taught the best they
knew;

And, blush, O Christians! liv'd above their faith.
'They wou'd have bless'd the beam, and hail'd the
day,

Which chas'd the moral darkness from their souls.
Oh! had their minds receiv'd the clearer ray
Of true devotion; they had learn'd to scorn
Their deities impure, their senseless gods,
And wild mythology's fantastic maze.

Pure PLATO! how had thy chaste spirit hail'd
A faith so fitted to thy moral sense!
What hadst thou felt, to see the fair romance
Of high imagination, the bright dream
Of thy pure fancy more than realiz'd!
O sweet enthusiast! thou hadst blest a scheme
Fair, good, and perfect. How had thy rapt soul
Caught fire, and burnt with a diviner flame!
For ev'n thy fair idea ne'er conceiv'd
Such plenitude of love, such boundless bliss,
As Deity made visible to sense.
Unhappy BRUTUS! philosophic mind!
Great 'midst the errors of the Stoic school!
How had his kindling spirit joy'd to find
That his lov'd virtue was no empty name:
Nor had he met the vision at Philippi;

Nor had he sheath'd his bloody dagger's point,
Or in the breast he lov'd, or in his own.

The Pagan page how far more wise than ours!
They with the gods they worshipp'd grac'd their
song;

Our song we grace with gods we disbelieve;
The manners we adopt without the creed.
Shall Fiction only raise poetic flame,
And shall no altars blaze, O TRUTH! to thee?
Shall falsehood only please, and fable charm?
And shall eternal Truth neglected lie?
Because immortal, slighted or profan'd?
Truth has our rev'rence only, not our love;
Our praise, but not our heart. A deity,
Confess'd, but shunn'd; acknowledg'd, not a-
dor'd;

She comes too near us, and she shines too bright.
Her penetrating beam at once betrays
What we wou'd hide from others and ourselves.

Why shun to make our duty our delight?
Let *pleasure* be the motive (and allow
That immortality be quite forgot):
Where shall we trace, thro' all the page profane,
A livelier pleasure, and a purer source
Of innocent delight, than the fair book

Of

Of holy Truth presents? For ardent youth,
The sprightly narrative; for years mature,
The moral document, in sober robe
Of grave philosophy array'd: which all
Had heard with admiration, had embrac'd
With rapture; had the shades of Academe,
Or the learn'd Porch produc'd it. Then, O
then,
How Wisdom's hidden treasures had been couch'd
Beneath fair Allegory's graceful veil!

Do not the pow'rs of soul-enchancing song,
Strong imag'ry, bold figure, every charm
Of eastern flight sublime, apt metaphor,
And all the graces in thy lovely train,
Divine Simplicity! assemble all
In Sion's songs, and bold Isaiah's strain?

Why shou'd the classic eye delight to trace
How Pyrrha and the fam'd Thessalian † king
Restor'd the ruin'd race of lost mankind;
Yet turn, incurious, from the patriarch sav'd,
'The righteous remnant of a delug'd world?
Why are we taught, delighted, to recount

† Deucalion.

B 3

Alcides'

Alcides' labours, yet neglect to learn
How mighty Samson led a life of toil
Herculean ? Pain and peril mark'd them both ;
A life eventful, and disastrous death.
Can all the tales, which Grecian records yield ;
Can all the names the Roman page records,
Renown'd for friendship and surpassing love ;
Can gallant Theseus and his brave compeer ;
Orestes, and the partner of his toils ;
Achates and his friend ; Euryalus
And blooming Nisus, pleasant in their lives,
And undivided by the stroke of death ;
Can each, can all, a lovelier picture yield
Of virtuous friendship : can they all present
A tenderness more touching than the love
Of Jonathan and David ?—Speak, ye young !
You who are undebauch'd by fashion's lore,
And unsophisticate, from nature judge,
Say, is your quick attention stronger drawn,
By wasted Thebes, than Pharaoh's smitten hosts ?
Or do the vagrant Trojans yield a theme
More grateful to the eager appetite
Of young impatience, than the wand'ring tribes,
By Moses thro' the thirsty desert led ?

The

The beauteous † Maid (tho' tender is the tale),
Whose guiltless blood on Aulis' altar stream'd,
Smites not the bosom with a softer pang
Than Jephthah's daughter, doom'd like her to
die.

Such are the lovely themes, which court the
Muse;

Scarce yet essay'd in verse. O let me mourn,
That heav'n-descended song should e'er forget
Its sacred dignity and high descent;
Should e'er so far its origin debase,
To spread corruption's bane, to lull the bad
With flatt'ry's opiate strain; to taint the heart
Of innocence, and silently infuse
Delicious poison, whose insidious charm
Feeds the sick mind, and fondly ministers
Unwholsome pleasure to the fever'd taste;
While its fell venom, with malignant pow'r,
Strikes at the root of virtue, with'ring all
Her vital energy. Oh! for some balm
Of sov'reign pow'r, to raise the drooping Muse

† Iphigenia.

B 4

To

To all the health of virtue! to infuse
 A gen'rous warmth, to rouse an holy pride,
 And give her high conceptions of herself!

For me, eternal Spirit! let thy word
 My path illumine! O thou compassionate God!
 Thou know'st our frame, thou know'st we are but
 dust.

From dust a Seraph's zeal thou wilt not ask,
 An Angel's purity. Oh! as I strive,
 Tho' with a feeble voice and flagging wing,
 A glowing heart, but pow'rless hand, to tell
 The faith of favour'd man to heav'n; to sing
 The ways inscrutable of heav'n to man;
 May I, by thy celestial guidance led,
 Fix deeper in my heart the truths I sing!
 In my own life transcribe whate'er of good
 To others I propose! and by thy rule
 Correct th'irregular†, reform the wrong,
 Exalt the low, and brighten the obscure!
 Still may I note, how all th'agreeing parts

† What in me is dark

Illumine, what is low raise and support.

PARADISE LOST.

Of

Of this well-order'd fabric join to frame
One fair, one finish'd, one harmonious whole!
Trace the close links, which form the perfect
chain

In beautiful connexion; mark the scale,
Whose nice gradations, with progression true,
For ever rising, end in DEITY.



M O S E S
IN THE
B U L R U S H E S.
A
S A C R E D D R A M A.

I will assert eternal Providence,
And justify the ways of God to man.

PARADISE LOST.

PERSONS of the DRAMA.

HEBREW WOMEN.

JOCHEBED, Mother of MOSES.

MIRIAM, his Sister.

EGYPTIANS.

The PRINCESS, King PHARAOH's Daughter; MELITA;
and other Attendants.

SCENE, on the Banks of the NILE.

✻ The subject is taken from the Second Chapter
of the Book of Exodus.



M O S E S
IN THE
B U L R U S H E S.
P A R T I.

JOCHEBED, MIRIAM.

JOCHEBED.

W H Y was my pray'r accepted? why did
Heav'n

In anger hear me, when I ask'd a son?
Ye dames of Egypt! happy, happy mothers!
No tyrant robs you of your fondest hopes;
You are not doom'd to see the babes you bore,
The babes you nurture, bleed before your eyes!
You taste the transports of maternal love,
And never know its anguish! Happy mothers!

How

14 MOSES IN THE BULRUSHES.

How diff'rent is the lot of thy sad daughters,
 O wretched Israel! Was it then for this?
 Was it for this the righteous arm of GOD
 Rescued his chosen people from the jaws
 Of cruel want, by pious Joseph's care?
 Joseph! th' elected instrument of heav'n,
 Decreed to save illustrious Abraham's race,
 What time the famine rag'd in Canaan's land.
 Israel, who then was spar'd, must perish now!

O thou mysterious Pow'r! who hast involv'd;
 Thy wise decrees in darkness, to perplex
 The pride of human wisdom, to confound
 The daring scrutiny, and prove the faith
 Of thy presuming creatures! clear this doubt;
 Teach me to trace this maze of Providence:
 Why save the fathers, if the sons must perish?

MIRIAM.

Ah mè, my mother! whence these floods of
 grief?

JOCHEBED.

My son! my son! I cannot speak the rest.
 Ye who have sons can only know my fondness!
 Ye who have lost them, or who fear to lose,
 Can

Can only know my pangs! none else can guess
them.

A mother's sorrows cannot be conceiv'd,
But by a mother—Wherefore am I one?

MIRIAM.

With many pray'rs thou did'st request this son,
And heav'n has granted him.

JOCHEBED.

O sad estate
Of human wretchedness! so weak is man,
So ignorant and blind, that did not God
Sometimes withhold in mercy what we ask,
We shou'd be ruin'd at our own request.

Too well thou know'st, my child, the stern de-
cree,
Of Egypt's cruel king, hard-hearted Pharaoh;
"That ev'ry male, of Hebrew mother born,
"Must die." Oh! do I live to tell it thee?
Must die a bloody death! My child, my son,
My youngest born, my darling must be slain!

MIRIAM.

MIRIAM.

The helpless innocent ! and must he die !

JOCHEBED.

No : if a mother's tears, a mother's pray'rs,
A mother's fond precautions can prevail,
He shall not die. I have a thought, my Miriam !
And sure the God of mercies, who inspir'd,
Will bless the secret purpose of my soul,
To save his precious life.

MIRIAM.

Hop'st thou that Pharaoh—

JOCHEBED.

I have no hope in Pharaoh, much in God ;
Much in the *Rock of Ages*.

MIRIAM.

Think, O think,
What perils thou already hast incurr'd ;
And shun the greater, which may yet remain.
Three months, three dang'rous months thou hast
preserv'd

Thy

'Thy infant's life, and in thy house conceal'd him!
Shou'd Pharaoh know!

JOCHEBED.

Oh! let the tyrant know,
And feel what he inflicts! Yes, hear me, Heav'n!
Send thy right-aiming thunderbolts—But hush,
My impious murmurs! Is it not thy will;
Thou, infinite in mercy? Thou permitt'st
This seeming evil for some latent good.
Yes, I will laud thy grace, and bless thy goodness
For what I have, and not arraign thy wisdom
For what I fear to lose. O, I will bless thee,
That Aaron will be spar'd! that my first-born
Lives safe and undisturb'd! that he was giv'n me
Before this impious persecution rag'd!

MIRIAM.

And yet who knows, but the fell tyrant's rage
May reach *his* precious life?

JOCHEBED.

I fear for him,
For thee, for all. A doating parent lives
In many lives; thro' many a nerve she feels;
From

18 MOSES IN THE BULRUSHES.

From child to child the quick affections spread,
 For ever wand'ring, yet for ever fix'd.
 Nor does division weaken, nor the force
 Of constant operation e'er exhaust
 Parental love. All other passions change,
 With changing circumstances; rise or fall,
 Dependant on their object; claim returns;
 Live on reciprocation, and expire
 Unfed by hope. A mother's fondness reigns
 Without a rival, and without an end.

MIRIAM.

But say what Heav'n inspires, to save thy
 son?

JOCHEBED.

Since that dear fatal morn which gave him
 birth,
 I have resolv'd in my distracted mind
 Each means to save his life: and many a thought,
 Which fondness prompted, prudence has oppos'd
 As perilous and rash. With these poor hands
 I've fram'd a little ark of slender reeds;
 With pitch and slime I have secur'd the sides.
 In this frail cradle I intend to lay

My

My little helpless infant, and expose him
Upon the banks of Nile.

MIRIAM.

'Tis full of danger.

JOCHEBED.

'Tis danger to expose, and death to keep him.

MIRIAM.

Yet, Oh! reflect. Shou'd the fierce croco-
dile,
The native and the tyrant of the *Nile*,
Seize the defenceless infant!

JOCHEBED.

Oh, forbear!
Spare my fond heart. Yet not the crocodile,
Nor all the deadly monsters of the deep,
To me are half so terrible as *Pharaoh*,
That heathen king, that royal murderer!

MIRIAM.

MIRIAM.

Shou'd he escape, which yet I dare not hope,
Each sea-born monster ; yet the winds and waves
He cannot 'scape.

JOCHEBED.

Know, GOD is ev'ry where ;
Not to one narrow, partial spot confin'd ;
No, not to chosen Israel: He extends
Thro' all the vast infinitude of space.
At his command the furious tempests rise,
The blasting of the breath of his displeasure:
He tells the world of waters, when to roar ;
And at his bidding, winds and seas are calm.
In HIM, not in an arm of flesh, I trust ;
In HIM, whose promise never yet has fail'd,
I place my confidence.

MIRIAM.

What must I do ?
Command thy daughter, for thy words have
wak'd
An holy boldness in my youthful breast.

JOCHEBED.

JOCHEBED.

Go then, my Miriam! go, and take the infant.

Buried in harmless slumbers there he lies:
 Let me not see him—spare my heart that pang.
 Yet sure, one little look may be indulg'd,
 One kiss—perhaps the last. No more, my soul!
 That fondness wou'd be fatal—I shou'd keep him.
 I cou'd not doom to death the babe I clasp'd:
 Did ever mother kill her sleeping boy?
 I dare not hazard it—The task be thine.
 Oh! do not wake my child; remove him softly;
 And gently lay him on the river's brink.

MIRIAM.

Did those magicians, whom the sons of Egypt
 Consult, and think all-potent, join their skill
 And was it great as Egypt's sons believe;
 Yet all their secret wizard arts combin'd,
 To save this little ark of Bulrushes,
 'Thus fearfully expos'd, cou'd not effect it.
 Their spells, their incantations, and dire charms
 Cou'd not preserve it.

JOCHEBED.

JOCHEBED.

Know, this ark is charm'd
With spells, which impious Egypt never knew;
With invocations to the living God,
I twisted ev'ry slender reed together,
And with a pray'r did every ozier weave.

MIRIAM.

I go.

JOCHEBED.

Yet ere thou go'st, observe me well.
When thou hast laid him in his wat'ry bed,
O leave him not; but at a distance wait,
And mark what Heaven's high will determines for
him.

Lay him among the flags on yonder beach,
Just where the royal gardens meet the Nile.
I dare not follow him, Suspicion's eye
Wou'd note my wild demeanor; *Miriam*, yes,
The mother's fondness wou'd betray the child.
Farewell! God of my fathers, Oh protect him!

M O S E S
IN THE
B U L R U S H E S.
P A R T II.

SCENE on the Banks of the Nile.

Enter MIRIAM, after having deposited the child.

YES, I have laid him in his wat'ry bed,
His wat'ry grave, I fear!—I tremble still;
It was a cruel task—still I must weep!
But ah! my mother, who shall sooth thy griefs?
The flags and sea-weeds will awhile sustain
Their precious load, but it must sink ere long!
Sweet babe, farewell! Yet think not I will leave
thee;

No,

No, I will watch thee, till the greedy waves
 Devour thy little bark: I'll sit me down,
 And sing to thee, sweet babe! Thou can'st not
 hear;

But 'twill amuse me, while I watch thy fate.

[She sits down on a bank, and sings.]

S O N G.

I.

THOU, who canst make the feeble strong,
 O GOD of Israel, hear my song!
 Not mine such notes as Egypt's daughters raise;
 'Tis thee, O GOD of Hosts, I strive to praise.

II.

Ye winds, the servants of the Lord,
 Ye waves, obedient to his word.
 O spare the babe committed to your trust;
 And Israel shall confess, the Lord is just!

Tho'

III.

Tho' doom'd to find an early grave,
This helpless infant thou canst save;
And he, whose death's decreed by Pharaoh's hand,
May rise a prophet to redeem the land.

[She rises, and looks out.]

Who moves this way; of royal port she seems;
Perhaps sent hither by the hand of Heav'n,
To prop the falling house of Levi.—Soft!
I'll listen unperceiv'd, these trees will hide me.

[She stands behind.]

*Enter the PRINCESS of Egypt, attended by
a train of Ladies.*

PRINCESS.

No farther Virgins; here I mean to rest,
To taste the pleasant coolness of the breeze;
Perhaps to bathe in this translucent stream.
Did not our holy law † enjoin th' ablution

† The ancient Egyptians used to wash their bodies
four times every twenty-four hours.

C

Frequent

26 MOSES IN THE BULRUSHES.

Frequent and regular; it still were needful,
To mitigate the fervors of our clime.
Melita, stay—the rest at distance wait.

[They all go out except one.]

The PRINCESS looks out.

Sure, or I much mistake, or I perceive
Upon the sedgey margin of the Nile
A chest; entangled in the reeds it seems:
Discernest thou aught?

MELITA.

Something, but what I know not.

PRINCESS.

Go and examine, what this sight may mean.

[Exit Maid.]

MIRIAM *behind.*

O blest, beyond my hopes! he is discover'd;
My brother will be sav'd! who is this stranger?
Ah! 'tis the Princess, cruel Pharaoh's daughter.
If she resemble her inhuman Sire,
She must be cruel too; yet fame reports her
Most

Most merciful and mild:—I'll mark th' event,
And pray that Heav'n may prompt her to pre-
serve him.

Re-enter MELITA.

PRINCESS.

Hast thou discover'd what the vessel is?

MELITA.

Oh, Princess, I have seen the strangest sight!
Within the vessel lies a sleeping babe,
A fairer infant have I never seen!

PRINCESS.

Who knows, but some unhappy Hebrew wo-
man
Has thus exposed her infant, to evade
The stern decree of my too cruel Sire.
Unhappy mothers! oft my heart has bled
In secret anguish o'er your slaughter'd sons.

MELITA.

Should this be one, my Princess knows the
danger.

PRINCESS.

No danger shou'd deter from acts of mercy.

MIRIAM, *behind*.

A thousand blessings on her princely head!

PRINCESS.

Too much the sons of Jacob have endur'd
 From royal Pharaoh's unrelenting hate;
 Too much our house has crush'd their alien race.
 Is't not enough, that cruel task-masters
 Grind them by hard oppression and stern bondage?
 Is't not enough, my father owes his greatness,
 His palaces, his fanes magnificent;
 Those structures which the world with wonder
 views,
 To the hard toils of much insulted Israel?
 To them his growing cities owe their splendor,
 Their labours built fair Rameses and Pythom;
 And now, at length, his still increasing rage
 To iron bondage adds the guilt of murder.
 And shall this little helpless infant perish?
 Forbid it, justice; and forbid it, heav'n!

MELITA.

MELITA.

I know thy royal father fears the strength
Of this still growing race, who flourish more,
The more they are oppress'd; he dreads their
numbers.

PRINCESS.

Apis forbid! Pharaoh afraid of Israel!
Yet shou'd this outcast race, this hapless people
E'er grow to such a formidable greatness;
(Which all the gods avert, whom Egypt wor-
ships)

This infant's life can never serve their cause,
Nor can his single death prevent their greatness.

MELITA.

I know not that: by weakest instruments
Sometimes are great events produc'd; this child
Perhaps may live to serve his upstart race
More than an host.

PRINCESS.

How ill does it beseem
Thy tender years, and gentle womanhood,

30 MOSES IN THE BULRUSHES.

To steel thy breast to Pity's sacred touch!
So weak, so unprotected is our sex,
So constantly expos'd, so very helpless;
That did not Heav'n itself enjoin compassion,
Yet human policy should make us kind,
Lest we should need the pity we refuse.
Yes, I will save him—lead me to the place;
And from the feeble rushes we'll remove
The little ark, which cradles this poor babe.

[The Princess and her Maid go out.]

MIRIAM comes forward.

How poor are words to speak my boundless
joy!

The Princess will protect him; bless her, Heav'n!

*[She looks out after the Princess, and
describes her action.]*

With what impatient steps she seeks the shore!
Now she approaches where the ark is laid!
With what compassion, with what angel sweetness,

She bends to look upon the infant's face!

She takes his little hand in her's—he wakes—

She

She smiles upon him—hark! alas, he cries;
Weep on, sweet babe! weep on, till thou hast
touch'd

Each chord of pity, waken'd every sense
Of melting sympathy, and stolen her soul!
She takes him in her arms—O lovely Princess!
How goodness heightens beauty! now she clasps
him

With fondness to her heart, she gives him now
With tender caution to her damsel's arms:
She points her to the palace, and again
This way the Princess bends her gracious steps;
The virgin-train retire, and bear the child.

Re-enter the PRINCESS.

PRINCESS.

Did ever innocence and infant-beauty
Plead with such dumb but powerful eloquence?
If I, a stranger, feel these soft emotions,
What must the mother who exposed him feel!
Go, fetch a woman of the Hebrew race,
That she may nurse the babe; and by her garb,
Lo such a one is here!

MIRIAM.

Princess, all hail !

Forgive the bold intrusion of thy servant,
Who stands a charm'd spectator of thy goodness.

PRINCESS.

I have redeem'd an infant from the waves,
Whom I intend to nurture as mine own.

MIRIAM.

My transports will betray me ! [*aside.*] Gen'-
rous Princess !

PRINCESS.

Know'st thou a matron of the Hebrew race,
To whom I may confide him ?

MIRIAM.

Well I know
A prudent matron of the house of Levi ;
Her name Jochebed is, the wife of Amram ;
Gentle she is, and famed throughout her tribe
For soft humanity ; full well I know
That she will rear him with a mother's love.

[*Aside.*]

[*Aside.*] Oh truly spoke! a mother's love indeed!
To her despairing arms I mean to give
This precious trust; the nurse shall be the mother!

PRINCESS.

With speed conduct this matron to the palace.
Yes, I will raise him up to princely greatness,
And he shall be my son; his name be *Moses*,
For I have drawn him from the perilous flood.
[*They go out. She kneels.*]

Thou Great Unseen! who causest gentle
deeds,
And smil'st on what thou causest; thus I bless
thee,
That thou didst deign consult the tender make
Of yielding human hearts, when thou ordain'd'st
Humanity a virtue! Did'st incline
The nat'ral bias of the soul to mercy,
Then mad'st that mercy duty! Gracious Pow'r!
Mad'st the keen rapture exquisite as right;
Beyond the joys of sense; as pleasure sweet;
As reason constant, and as instinct strong!

C 5

MOSES

M O S E S

IN THE

B U L R U S H E S.

P A R T III.

Enter JOCHEBED.

I'VE almost reach'd the place—with cautious
steps

I must approach to where the ark is laid,
Left from the royal gardens any spy me.

—Poor babe! ere this, the pressing calls of hun-
ger

Have broke thy short repose; the chilling waves,
Perhaps, have drench'd thy little shiv'ring limbs.
What—what must he have suffer'd!—No one
fees me:

But

But soft ! does no one listen ?—Ah ! how hard,
How very hard for fondness to be prudent !
Now is the moment to embrace and feed him.

[She looks out.]

Where's Miriam ? she has left her little charge,
Perhaps through fear, perhaps she was detected.
How wild is thought ! how terrible conjecture !
A mother's fondness frames a thousand fears,
And shapes unreal evils into being.

[She looks towards the river.]

Ah me ! where is he ? soul-distracting sight !
He is not there——he's lost, he's gone, he's
drown'd !

Toss'd by each beating surge my infant floats ;
Cold, cold and wa'try is thy grave, my child !
Oh no—I see the ark—Transporting sight ;

[She goes towards it.]

What do I see ? Alas the ark is empty !
The casket's left, the precious gem is gone !
You spar'd him, pitying spirits of the deep !
But vain your mercy ; some insatiate beast,
Cruel as Pharaoh, took the life you spar'd —
And I shall never, never see him more !

Enter

Enter MIRIAM.

JOCHEBED.

Come, and lament with me thy brother's loss!

MIRIAM.

Come, and adore with me the God of Jacob!

JOCHEBED.

Miriam—the child is dead!

MIRIAM.

He lives, he lives!

JOCHEBED.

Impossible: Oh! do not mock my grief!
See'st thou that empty vessel?

MIRIAM.

From that vessel
Th' Egyptian Princess took him.

JOCHEBED.

JOCHEBED.

Pharaoh's daughter?

Then still will he be slain.

MIRIAM.

His life is safe ;

For know she means to rear him as her own.

JOCHEBED.

[Falls on her knees in rapture.

To GOD, the LORD, the glory be ascrib'd!
Oh magnified for ever be thy might,
Who can't plant mercy in a Heathen's heart,
And from the depth of evil bring forth good!

[She rises.

MIRIAM.

O blest event, beyond our warmest hopes!

JOCHEBED.

What ! shall my son be nurtur'd in a court,
In princely grandeur bred ? taught ev'ry art,
And every wond'rous science Egypt knows ?
Yet ah ! I tremble, Miriam ; shou'd he learn

With

38 MOSES IN THE BULRUSHES.

With Egypt's polish'd arts, her baneful faith !
 O worse exchange for death ! Yes shou'd he learn
 In yon' proud palace to disown *his* hand
 Who thus has sav'd him : shou'd he e'er embrace
 (As sure he will, if bred in Pharaoh's court)
 The gross idolatries which Egypt owns,
 Her graven images, her brutish gods :
 Then shall I wish he had not been preserv'd,
 To shame his fathers, and deny his faith.

MIRIAM.

Then to dispel thy fears, and crown thy joy,
 Hear farther wonders—Know the gen'rous Prin-
 cefs
 To thine own care thy darling child commits.

JOCHEBED.

Speak, while my joy will give me leave to
 listen !

MIRIAM.

By her commission'd, thou behold'st me here,
 To seek a matron of the Hebrew race
 To nurse him ; thou, my mother, art that ma-
 tron.—

I said,

I said, I knew thee well; that thou wou'd'st rear
him

Ev'n with a mother's fondness; she who bare
him,

(I told the Princess) could not love him more.

JOCHEBED.

Fountain of Mercy! whose pervading eye
Beholds the heart, and sees what passes there,
Accept my thoughts for thanks! I have no
words—

How poor were human language to express
My gratitude, my wonder, and my joy!

MIRIAM.

Yes, thou shalt pour into his infant mind
The purest precepts of the purest faith.

JOCHEBED.

O! I will fill his tender soul with virtue,
And warm his bosom with devotion's flame!
Aid me, celestial Spirit! with thy grace,
And be my labours with thy influence crown'd;
Without

40 MOSES IN THE BULRUSHES.

Without it they were vain. Then, then, my
Miriam,

When he is furnish'd, 'gainst the evil day,
With God's whole armour *, girt with sacred
truth,

And as a breast-plate, wearing righteousness,
Arm'd with the spirit of God, the shield of
Faith,

And with the helmet of salvation crown'd,
Inur'd to watching, and dispos'd to pray'r ;
Then may I send him to a dangerous court,
And safely trust him in a perilous world,
Too full of tempting snares and fond delusions !

MIRIAM.

May bounteous Heav'n thy pious cares re-
ward !

JOCHEBED.

O Amram ! O my husband ! when thou com'st,
Wearied at night, to rest thee from the toils

* 2 Theff. chap. v. Also, Ephes. chap. vi.

Impos'd

Impos'd by haughty Pharaoh ; what a tale
Have I to tell thee ! yes—thy darling son
Was lost, and is restor'd ; was dead, and lives !

MIRIAM.

How joyful shall we spend the live-long night
In praises to JEHOVAH ; who thus mocks
All human foresight, and converts the means
Of seeming ruin into great deliverance !

JOCHEBED.

Had not my child been doom'd to such strange
perils,
As a fond mother trembles to recal ;
He had not been preserv'd.

MIRIAM.

And mark still farther :
Had he been sav'd by any other hand,
He had been still expos'd to equal ruin.

JOCHEBED.

Then let us join to bless the hand of Heaven,
That this poor outcast of the house of Israel,
Condemn'd

42 MOSES IN THE BULRUSHES.

Condemn'd to die by Pharaoh, kept in secret
By my advent'rous fondness; then expos'd
Ev'n by that very fondness which conceal'd him,
Is now to fill the wond'rous round of mercy,
Preserv'd from perishing by Pharaoh's daughter,
Sav'd by the very hand which sought to crush
him!

Wise and unsearchable are all thy ways,
Thou God of MERCIES! Lead me to my
child!

DAVID

DAVID AND GOLIATH.

SACRED DRAMA.

O bienheureux mille fois,
L'Enfant que le Seigneur aime,
Qui de bonne heure entend sa voix,
Et que ce Dieu daigne instruire lui-même!
Loin du monde élevé de tous les dons des Cieux,
Il est orné dès sa naissance ;
Et du méchant l'abord contagieux
N'altère point son innocence.

ATHALIE.

PERSONS of the DRAMA.

SAUL, King of ISRAEL.

ABNER, his General.

JESSE.

ELIAB,

ABINADAB, } Sons of Jesse.

DAVID,

GOLIATH, the Philistine Giant.

Philistines, Israelites, &c. &c.

Chorus of Hebrew Women.

The SCENE lies in the Camp, in the Valley
of ELAH, and the adjacent Plain.

✱ The subject of the Drama is taken from the
Seventeenth Chapter of the First Book of
Samuel.

DAVID
AND
GOLIATH.

PART I.

SCENE, a Shepherd's Tent on a Plain.

DAVID, *under a spreading tree, plays on his harp, and sings.*

I.

GREAT Lord of all things! Pow'r divine!
Breathe on this erring heart of mine
Thy grace serene and pure;
Defend my frail, my erring youth,
And teach me this important truth,
The humble are secure.

II.

II.

Teach me to bless my lowly lot
 Confin'd to this paternal cot,
 Remote from regal state ;
 Content to court the cooling glade,
 Inhale the breeze, enjoy the shade,
 And love my humble fate.

III.

No anxious vigils here I keep,
 No dreams of gold distract my sleep,
 Nor lead my heart astray ;
 Nor blasting Envy's tainted gale
 Pollutes the pleasures of the vale,
 To vex my harmless day.

IV.

Yon' tow'r, which rears its head so high,
 And bids defiance to the sky,
 Invites the hostile winds :
 Yon' branching oak extending wide,
 Provokes destruction by its pride,
 And courts the fall it finds.

V.

V

Then let me shun th' ambitious deed,
 And all the dangerous paths which lead
 To honours falsely won:

Lord! in thy sure protection blest,

Submissive will I ever rest,

And may thy will be done!

[He lays down his harp, and rises.]

DAVID.

This shepherd's life were dull and tasteless all,
 Without the charm of soothing song or harp;
 With it, not undelightful is the haunt
 Of wood, or lonely grove, or russet plain,
 Made vocal by the muse. With this lov'd harp,
 This daily solace of my cares, I sooth'd
 The melancholy monarch, when he lay,
 Smit by the chill and spirit-quenching hand
 Of blank despair. God of my fathers! hear me:
 Here I devote my harp, my verse, myself,
 To thy blest service! gladly to proclaim
 Glory to God on high, on earth good-will

To

To man ; to pour my grateful soul before thee ;
 To sing thy pow'r, thy wisdom, and thy love,
 And every gracious attribute : to paint
 The charms of heav'n-born virtue ! So shall I,
 (Tho' with long interval of worth) aspire
 To imitate the work of saints above,
 Of Cherub and of Seraphim. My heart,
 My talents, all I am, and all I have,
 Is thine, O Father ! Gracious LORD, accept
 The humble dedication ! Offer'd gifts
 Of slaughter'd bulls, and goats sacrificial,
 Thou hast refus'd : but lo ! I come, O LORD,
 To do thy will ! the living sacrifice
 Of an obedient heart I lay before thee !
 This humble offering more shall please Thee, LORD !
 Than horned bullocks, ceremonial rites,
 New moons, appointed passovers, and fasts !
 Yet those I too will keep ; but not instead
 Of holiness substantial, inward worth ;
 As commutation cheap for pious deeds,
 And purity of life. But as the types
 Of better things ; as fair external signs
 Of inward holiness and secret truth.

But

But see, my father, good old Jesse comes,
 To cheer the setting evening of whose life,
 Content; a simple shepherd here I dwell,
 Tho' Israel is in arms; and royal Saul,
 Encamp'd in yonder field, defies Philistia.

JESSE, DAVID.

JESSE.

Blest be the gracious Pow'r, who gave my age
 To boast a son like thee! Thou art the staff
 Which props my bending years, and makes me
 bear

The heavy burthen of declining age
 With fond complacence. How unlike thy fate,
 O venerable Eli! But two sons,
 But only two, to gild the dim remains
 Of life's departing day, and bless thy age,
 And both were curses to thee! Witness, Heav'n!
 In all the tedious catalogue of pains
 Humanity turns o'er, if there be one
 So terrible to human tenderness,
 As an unnatural child!

D

DAVID.

DAVID.

O, my lov'd father!

Long may'st thou live, in years and honours
rich;

To taste, and to communicate the joys,
The thousand fond, endearing charities
Of tenderness domestic; Nature's best
And loveliest gift, with which she well atones
The niggard boon of fortune.

JESSE.

O, my son!

Of all the graces which adorn thy youth,
I, with a father's fondness, must commend
'Thy tried humility. For tho' the Seer
Pour'd on thy chosen head the sacred oil,
In sign of future greatness, in sure pledge
Of highest dignity; yet here thou dwell'st,
Content with toil, and careless of repose;
And (harder still for an ingenuous mind)
Content to be obscure; content to watch,
With careful eye, thine humble father's flock!
O, earthly emblem of celestial things!
So Israel's shepherd watches o'er his fold:

The

The weak ones in his fost'ring bosom bears;
 And gently leads, in his sustaining hand,
 The feeble ones with young.

DAVID.

Know'st thou, my father,
 Ought from the field? for tho' so near the camp,
 'Tho' war's proud ensigns stream on yonder plain,
 And all Philistia's swarming hosts encamp,
 Oppos'd to royal Saul, beneath whose banners
 My brothers lift the spear; I have not left
 My fleecy charge, by thee committed to me,
 To learn the present fortune of the war.

JESSE.

And wisely hast thou done. Thrice happy
 realm,
 Who shall submit one day to his command
 Who can so well obey! Obedience leads
 To certain honours. Not the tow'ring wing
 Of eagle-plum'd ambition mounts so surely
 To Fortune's highest summit, as obedience.

[*A distant sound of trumpets.*

D 2

But

But why that sudden ardour, O my son?
'That trumpet's sound (tho' so remote its voice,
We hardly catch the echo as 'it dies)
Has rous'd the mantling crimson in thy cheek:
Kindled the martial spirit in thine eye,
And my young shepherd feels an hero's fire!

DAVID.

Thou hast not told the posture of the war,
And much my beating bosom pants to hear.

JESSE.

Uncertain is the fortune of the field.
I tremble for thy brothers, thus expos'd
To constant peril; nor for them alone,
Does the quick feeling agonize my heart.
I too lament, that desolating war
Hangs his fell banner o'er my native land,
Belov'd Jerusalem! O war, what art thou?
After the brightest conquest, what remains
Of all thy glories? For the vanquish'd, chains!
For the proud victor, what? Alas! to reign
O'er desolated nations! a drear waste,

By

By one man's crime, by one man's lust of pow'r,
 Unpeopled! Naked plains and ravag'd fields
 Succeed to smiling harvests, and the fruits
 Of peaceful olive, luscious fig and vine!
 Here, rifled temples are the cavern'd dens
 Of savage beasts, or haunt of birds obscene.
 There, populous cities blacken in the sun,
 And, in the gen'ral wreck, proud palaces
 Lie undistinguish'd, save by the dun smoke
 Of recent conflagration. When the song
 Of dear-bought joy, with many a triumph swell'd,
 Salutes the victor's ear, and sooths his pride;
 How is the grateful harmony profan'd
 With the sad dissonance of virgins' cries,
 Who mourn their brothers slain! Of matrons
 hoar,
 Who clasp their wither'd hands, and fondly ask,
 With iteration shrill, their slaughter'd sons!
 How is the laurel's verdure stain'd with blood,
 And soil'd with widows' tears!

DAVID.

Thrice mournful truth!
 Yet when our country's rights, her sacred laws,
 Her holy faith are scorn'd and trampled on,

D 3

Then,

Then, then religion calls; then God himself
 Commands us to defend his injur'd name.
 'Twere then inglorious weakness, mean self-love,
 To lie inactive, when the stirring voice
 Of the shrill trumpet wakes to desp'rate deeds;
 Nor with heroic valour boldly dare
 Th' idolatrous heathen bands, even to the death.

JESSE.

God and thy country claim the life they gave,
 No other cause can sanctify resentment.

DAVID.

Sure virtuous friendship is a noble cause!
 O were the princely Jonathan in danger,
 How wou'd I die, well-pleas'd, in his defence!
 When ('twas long since, then but a stripling boy)
 I made short sojourn in his father's palace,
 (At first to sooth his troubled mind with song,
 His armour-bearer next); I well remember
 The gracious bounties of the gallant prince.
 How wou'd he sit, attentive to my strain;
 While to my harp I sung the harmless joys,
 Which crown a shepherd's life! How wou'd he cry,
 Blest'sd

Bless'd youth! far happier in thy native worth,
 Far richer in the talent Heav'n has lent thee,
 Than if a crown hung o'er thy anxious brow.
 The jealous monarch mark'd our growing friend-
 ship;

And as my favour grew with those about him,
 His royal bounty lessen'd, till at length,
 For Bethlehem's safer shades I left the court.
 Nor wou'd these alter'd features now be known,
 Grown into manly strength; nor this chang'd
 form,
 Enlarg'd with age, and clad in russet weed.

JESSE.

I have employment for thee, my lov'd son,
 Will please thy active spirit. Go, my boy!
 Haste to the field of war, to yonder camp,
 Where, in the vale of Elah, mighty Saul
 Commands the hosts of Israel. Greet thy bro-
 thers:

Observe their deeds; note their demeanor well;
 And mark if wisdom on their actions waits.
 Bear to them too (for well the waste of war
 Will make it needful) such plain healthful viands,
 As furnish out our frugal shepherd's meal.

And to the valiant captain of their host,
 Present such rural gilts as suit our fortune.
 Heap'd on the board within my tent thou'lt find
 them.

DAVID.

With joy I'll bear thy presents to my brothers ;
 And to the valiant captain of their host,
 The rural gifts thy gratitude assigns him.
 What transport to behold the tented field,
 The pointed spear, the blaze of shields and arms,
 And all the proud accoutrements of war !
 But, O ! far dearer transport wou'd it yield me,
 Cou'd this right arm alone avenge the cause
 Of injur'd Israel, and preserve the lives
 Of guiltless thousands, doom'd perhaps to bleed !

JESSE.

Let not thy youth be dazzled, O my son !
 With deeds of bold emprise, as valour only
 Were virtue ; and the gentle arts of peace,
 Of truth and justice, were not worth thy care.
 When thou shalt view the splendors of the war,
 The gay caparison, the burnish'd shield,

The

The plume-crown'd helmet, and the glitt'ring
spear,

Scorn not the humble virtues of the shade ;
Nor think that Heav'n views only with applause
The active merit, and the busy toil
Of heroes, statesmen, and the bustling sons
Of public care. These have their just reward
In wealth, in honours, and the well-earn'd fame
Their high achievements bring. 'Tis in this view,
That virtue is her proper recompence.

Wealth, as its natural consequence, will flow
From industry ; toil with success is crown'd :
From splendid actions high renown will spring.
Such is the usual course of human things.
For Wisdom Infinite permits, that thus
Effects to causes be proportionate,
And nat'ral ends by nat'ral means atchiev'd.
But in the future estimate, which Heav'n
Will make of things terrestrial, know, my son,
That no inferior blessing is reserv'd
For the mild *passive* virtues ; meek Content,
Heroic self-denial, nobler far
'Than all th' achievements noisy Fame reports,
When her shrill trump proclaims the proud success
Which desolates the nations. But, on earth,
These are not always fortunate ; because

Eternal Justice keeps them for the bliss
Of final recompence, for the dread day
Of gen'ral retribution. O my son!
The ostentatious virtues, which still press
For notice, and for praise; the brilliant deeds,
Which live but in the eye of observation,
These have their meed at once. But there's a joy,
To the fond votaries of Fame unknown;
To hear the still small voice of conscience speak
Its whisp'ring plaudit to the silent soul.
Heav'n notes the sigh afflicted goodness heaves;
Hears the low plaint by human ear unheard,
And from the cheek of patient Sorrow wipes
'The tear, by mortal eye unseen or scorn'd.

DAVID.

As Hermon's dews their grateful freshness shed,
And cheer the herbage, and the flow'rs renew;
So do thy words a quick'ning balm infuse,
And grateful sink in my delighted soul.

JESSE.

Go then, my child! and may the Gracious
God,
Who bless'd our fathers, bless my much-lov'd son!

DAVID.

DAVID.

Farewell, my father! and of this be sure,
That not a precept from thy honour'd lips
Shall fall, by me unnoticed; not one grace,
One venerable virtue, which adorns
Thy daily life, but I, with watchful care,
And due observance, will in mine transplant it.

[Exit DAVID.]

JESSE.

He's gone! and still my aching eyes pursue,
And strain their orbs still longer to behold him.
O! who can tell, when I may next embrace him?
Who can declare the counsels of the Lord?
Or when the moment pre-ordain'd by Heav'n
To fill his great designs may come? This son,
This blessing of my age, is set apart
For high exploits; the chosen instrument
Of all-disposing Heav'n for mighty deeds.
Still I recal the day, and to my mind
The scene is ever present; when the Seer,
Illustrious Samuel, to the humble shades
Of Bethlehem came, pretending sacrifice,

To

To screen his errand from the jealous king.
He sanctify'd us first, me, and my sons ;
For sanctity increas'd should still precede
Increase of dignity. When he declar'd
He came, commission'd from on High, to find,
Among the sons of Jesse, Israel's king ;
Astonishment entranc'd my wond'ring soul.
Yet was it not a wild tumultuous bliss ;
Such rash delight as promis'd honours yield
To light, vain minds: no, 'twas a doubtful joy
Chastis'd by tim'rous virtue, lest a gift
So splendid, and so dang'rous, might destroy
Him it was meant to raise. My eldest born,
Young Eliab, tall of stature, I presented ;
But God, who judges not by outward form,
But tries the heart, forbade the holy prophet
To chuse my eldest born. For Saul, he said,
Gave proof, the fair proportion, and the grace
Of limb or feature, ill repaid the want
Of virtue. All my other sons alike
By Samuel were rejected: till, at last,
On my young boy, on David's chosen head,
The prophet pour'd the consecrated oil.
Yet ne'er did pride elate him, ne'er did scorn
For his rejected elders swell his heart.
Not in such gentle charity to him
His haughtier brothers live: but all he pardons.

To

To meditation, and to humble toil,
To pray'r, and praise devoted, here he dwells.
O may the Graces which adorn retreat,
One day delight a court! record his name
With saints and prophets, dignify his race,
Instruct mankind, and sanctify a world!

DAVID
AND
GOLIATH.
PART II.

SCENE, The Camp.

ELIAB, ABINADAB, ABNER,
ISRAELITES.

ELIAB.

STILL is th' event of this long war uncertain:
Still do the adverse hosts, on either side,
Protract, with ling'ring caution, an encounter,
Which must to one be fatal.

ABINADAB.

This descent,
Thus to the very confines of our land,
Proclaims the sanguine hope that fires the foe.

In

In Ephes-dammim boldly they encamp :
Th' uncircumcis'd Philistines pitch their tents
On Judah's hallow'd earth.

ELIAB.

Full forty days

Has the insulting giant, proud Goliath,
The champion of Philistia, fiercely challeng'd
Some Israelitish foe. But who so vain
To dare such force unequal ? who so bent
On sure destruction, to accept his terms ;
And rush on death, beneath the giant force
Of his enormous bulk ?

ABINADAB.

'Tis near the time,
When, in th' adjacent valley which divides
Th' opposing armies, he is wont to make
His daily challenge.

ELIAB.

Much I marvel, brother !
No greetings from our father reach our ears.
With ease and plenty blest'd, he little recks
The

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In Ephes-dammim boldly they encamp :
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When, in th' adjacent valley which divides
Th' opposing armies, he is wont to make
His daily challenge.

ELIAB.

Much I marvel, brother !
No greetings from our father reach our ears.
With ease and plenty blest'd, he little recks
The

The daily hardships which his sons endure.
But see! behold his darling son approaches!

ABINADAB.

How, David here? whence this unlook'd-for
guest?

ELIAB.

A spy upon our actions; sent, no doubt,
To scan our deeds, with beardless gravity
Affecting wisdom; to observe each word,
To magnify the venial faults of youth,
And contrive harmless mirth to foul offence.

Enter DAVID.

DAVID.

All hail, my dearest brothers!

ELIAB.

Means thy greeting

True love, or arrogant scorn?

DAVID.

O, most true love!
Sweet as the precious ointment, which bedew'd

The

The sacred head of Aaron, and descended
 Upon his hallow'd vest; so sweet, my brothers,
 Is fond fraternal amity; such love
 As my touch'd bosom feels at your approach.

ELIAB.

Still that fine glozing speech, those holy laws,
 And all that trick of studied sanctity,
 Of smooth-turn'd periods, and trim eloquence,
 Which charms thy doating father. But confess,
 What do'st thou here? Is it to soothe thy pride,
 And gratify thy vain desire to roam,
 In quest of pleasures unallow'd? or com'st thou,
 A willing spy, to note thy brother's deeds?
 Where hast thou left those few poor straggling sheep?
 More suited to thy ignorance and years
 The care of those, than here to wander idly.
 Why cam'st thou hither?

DAVID.

Is there not a cause?
 Why that displeasure kindling in thine eye,
 My angry brother? why those taunts unkind?
 Not idly bent on sport; not to delight
 Mine eye with all this gay parade of war;

To

To gratify a roving appetite,
 Or fondly to indulge a curious ear
 With any tale of rumour, am I come :
 But to approve myself a loving brother.
 I bring the blessing of your aged fire,
 With gifts of such plain cates, and rural viands,
 As suit his frugal fortune. Tell me now,
 Where the bold captain of your host encamps ?

ELIAB.

Wherefore enquire ? what boots it thee to know ?
 Behold him there : great Abner, fam'd in arms ?

DAVID.

I bring thee, mighty Abner, from my father,
 (A simple shepherd swain in yonder vale)
 Such humble gifts as shepherd swains bestow.

ABNER.

Thanks, gentle youth ! with pleasure I receive
 The grateful off'ring. Why does thy quick eye
 Thus wander with unsatisfied delight ?

DAVID,

DAVID.

New as I am to all the trade of war,
Each sound has novelty; each thing I see
Attracts attention; every noise I hear
Awakes confus'd emotions; indistinct,
Yet full of charming tumult, sweet distraction.
'Tis all delightful hurry! O! the joy
Of young ideas painted on the mind,
In the warm glowing colours fancy spreads
On objects not yet known, when all is new,
And all is lovely! Ah! what warlike sound
Salutes my ravish'd ear. *[Sound of trumpets.]*

ABNER.

'Tis the Philistine,
Proclaiming, by his herald, through the ranks,
His near approach. Each morning he repeats
His challenge to our bands.

DAVID.

Ha! what Philistine?

Who is he?

ABNER.

ELIAB.

Wherefore ask? for thy raw youth,
 And rustic ignorance, 'twere fitter learn
 Some rural art; some secret to prevent
 Contagion in thy flocks; some better means
 To save their fleece immaculate. These mean
 arts,
 Of soft inglorious peace, far better suit
 Thy low obscurity, than thus to seek
 High things, pertaining to exploits of arms.

DAVID.

Urg'd as I am, I will not answer thee.
 Who conquers his own spirit, O my brother!
 He is the only conqueror.—Again
 That shout mysterious! Pray you, tell me who
 This proud Philistine is, who sends defiance
 To Israel's hardy chieftains?

ABNER.

Stranger youth!
 So lovely and so mild is thy demeanor,
 So gentle, and so patient; such the air

Of

Of candor and of courage, which adorns
 Thy blooming features, thou hast won my love;
 And I will tell thee.

DAVID.

Mighty Abner ! thanks !

ABNER.

Thrice, and no more, he sounds, his daily rule.
 This man of war, this champion of Philistia,
 Is of the sons of Anak's giant-race.
 Goliath is his name. His fearful stature,
 Unparallel'd in Israel, measures more
 Than twice three cubits. On his tow'ring head
 A helm of burnish'd brass the giant wears,
 So pond'rous, it wou'd crush the stoutest man
 In all our hosts. A coat of mailed armour
 Guards his capacious trunk; compar'd with which
 The amplest oak, that spreads his rugged arms
 In Bashan's groves, were small. About his neck
 A shining corslet hangs. On his vast thigh
 The plaited cuirass firmly-jointed stands.
 But who shall tell the wonders of his spear,
 And hope to gain belief ? of massive iron

Its

Its temper'd frame ; not less than the broad beam
 To which the busy weaver hangs his loom ;
 Not to be wielded by a mortal hand,
 Save by his own. An armour-bearer walks
 Before this mighty champion, in his hand
 Bearing the giant's shield. Thrice, every morn,
 His herald sounds the trumpet of defiance ;
 Off'ring at once to end the long-drawn war,
 In single combat, 'gainst the hardy foe
 Who dares encounter him.

DAVID.

Say, mighty Abner !
 What are the haughty terms of his defiance ?

ABNER.

Proudly he stalks around th' extremest bounds
 Of Elah's vale. His herald sounds the note
 Of offer'd battle. Then the furious giant,
 With such a voice as from the troubled sky,
 In vollied thunder, breaks, thus sends his chal-
 lenge :

“ Why do you set your battle in array,
 Ye men of Israel ? Wherefore waste the lives

Of

Of needful thousands? Why protract a war,
Which may at once be ended? Are not you
Servants to Saul your king? and am not I,
With triumph let me speak it, a Philistine?
Chuse out a man from all your armed hosts,
Of courage most approv'd; and I will meet him,
His single arm to mine. Th' event of this
Shall fix the fate of Israel and Philistia.
If victory favour him, then will we live
Your tributary slaves; but if my arm
Be crown'd with conquest, you shall then live
ours.

Give me a man, if your effeminate bands
A man can boast. Your armies I defy."

DAVID.

What shall be done to him, who shall subdue
This vile idolater?

ABNER.

He shall receive
Such ample bounties, such profuse rewards,
As might inflame chill age, or cowardice,
Were not the odds so desperate.

DAVID.

DAVID.

Say, what are they?

ABNER.

The royal Saul has promis'd that bold hero,
Who shall encounter and subdue Goliath,
All dignity and favour; that his house
Shall be set free from tribute, and ennobled
With the first honours Israel has to give.
And for the gallant conqueror himself,
No less a recompence than the fair princess,
Our monarch's peerless daughter.

DAVID.

Beauteous Michal!

It is indeed a boon which kings might strive for.
And has none answer'd yet this bold defiance?
What, all this goodly host of Israelites,
God's own peculiar people! all afraid
T'assert God's injured honour, and their own?
The king himself, who in his early youth
Wrought deeds of fame! the princely Jonathan!

Not

Not so the gallant youth Philistia fear'd
 At Bozez and at Seneh †; when the earth
 Shook from her deep foundations, to behold
 The wond'rous carnage of his single hand
 On the uncircumcis'd. When he exclaim'd,
 With glorious confidence—"Shall numbers awe
 " me?

" God will protect his own: with him to save,
 " It boots not, friends, by many or by few."
 This was an hero! Why does he delay
 To meet this boaster? For thy courtesy,
 Thrice noble Abner! I am bound to thank thee!
 Wou'd'st thou complete thy gen'rous offices?
 I dare not ask it.

ABNER.

Speak thy wishes freely;
 My soul inclines to serve thee.

DAVID.

Then, O Abner,
 Conduct me to the king! There is a cause
 Will justify this boldness.

† 1 Samuel, xiv.

ELIAB.

Braggard, hold!

ABNER.

I take thee at thy word; and will, with speed,
Conduct thee to my royal master's presence.
In yonder tent, the anxious monarch waits
Th' event of this day's challenge.

DAVID.

Noble Abner!

Accept my thanks. Now to thy private ear,
If so thy grace permit, I will unfold
My secret soul; and ease my lab'ring breast,
Which pants with high designs, and beats for
glory.

D A V I D
AND
G O L I A T H.
P A R T III.

SCENE SAUL's Tent.

SAUL.

WHY was I made a king? what I have gain'd
In env'd greatness and uneasy pow'r,
I've lost in peace of mind, in virtue lost!
Why did deceitful transports fire my soul,
When Samuel plac'd upon my youthful brow
The crown of Israel? I had known content,

E 2

Nay

Nay happiness, if happiness unmix'd
To mortal man were known ; had I still liv'd
Among the humble tents of Benjamin.
A shepherd's occupation was my joy,
And ev'ry guiltless day was crown'd with peace.
But now, a fullen cloud for ever hangs
O'er the faint sunshine of my brightest hours,
Dark'ning the golden promise of the morn.
I ne'er shall taste the dear domestic joys
My meanest subjects know. True, I have sons,
Whose virtues wou'd have charm'd a private man,
And drawn down blessings on their humble fire.
I love their virtues too ; but 'tis a love,
Which jealousy has poison'd. Jonathan
Is all a father's fondness cou'd conceive
Of amiable and good—Of that no more!
He is too popular ; the people doat
Upon th' ingenuous graces of his youth.
Curs'd popularity ! which makes a father
Detest the merits of a son he loves.
How did their fond idolatry perforce,
Rescue his sentenc'd life, when doom'd by lot
To perish at Beth-aven †, for the breach

† 1 Samuel, xiv.

Of strict injunction, that of all my bands,
 Not one that day shou'd taste of food, and live.
 My subjects clamour at this tedious war,
 Yet of my num'rous arm'd chiefs, not one
 Has courage to engage this man of Gath.
 O for a champion bold enough to face
 This giant-boaster, whose repeated threats
 Strike thro' my inmost soul! There was a time—
 Of that no more!—I am not what I was.
 Shou'd valiant Jonathan accept the challenge,
 'Twould but increase his favour with the people,
 And make the crown sit loosely on my brow.
 Ill cou'd my wounded spirit brook the voice
 Of harsh comparison 'twixt sire and son.

SAUL, ABNER.

ABNER.

What meditation holds thee thus engag'd,
 O king! and keeps thine active spirit bound;
 When busy war far other cares demands
 Than ruminating thought, and pale despair?

E 3

SAUL,

SAUL.

Abner, draw near. My weary soul sinks down
Beneath the heavy pressure of misfortune.
O for that spirit, which inflam'd my breast
With sudden fervor; when among the seers,
And holy sages, my prophetic voice
Was heard attentive, and th' astonish'd throng,
Wond'ring, exclaim'd, "Is Saul among the pro-
phets?"

Where's that bold arm which quell'd th' Amale-
kite,

And nobly spar'd fierce Agag and his flocks?
'Tis past; the light of Israel now is quench'd:
Shorn of his beams, my sun of glory sets!
Rise Moab, Edom, angry Ammon rise!
Come Gaza, Ashdod come! let Ekron boast,
And Askelon rejoice, for Saul—is nothing.

ABNER.

I bring thee news, O king!

SAUL.

SAUL.

My valiant uncle!

What can avail thy news? A soul oppress'd,
Refuses still to hear the charmer's voice,
Howe'er enticingly he charms. What news
Can sooth my sickly soul, while Gath's fell giant
Repeats each morning to my frighten'd hosts
His daring challenge—none accepting it?

ABNER.

It is accepted.

SAUL.

Ha! by whom? how? when?

What prince, what gen'ral, what illustrious hero,
What vet'ran chief, what warrior of renown,
Will dare to meet the haughty foe's defiance?
Speak, my brave gen'ral! noble Abner, speak!

E 4

ABNER.

ABNER.

No prince, no warrior, no illustrious chief,
No vet'ran hero dares accept the challenge ;
But what will move thy wonder, mighty king !
One train'd to peaceful deeds, and new to arms,
A simple shepherd swain.

SAUL.

O mockery !

No more of this light tale, it suits but ill
Thy bearded gravity : or rather tell it
To credulous age, or weak believing women ;
They love whate'er is marvellous, and doat
On deeds prodigious and incredible,
Which sober sense rejects. I laugh to think
Of thy extravagance. A shepherd's boy
Encounter him, whom nations dread to meet !

ABNER.

Is valour, then, peculiar to high birth ?
If Heav'n had so decreed, know, scornful king,
That Saul the Benjamite had never reign'd.
No:—Glory darts her soul-pervading ray,
On thrones and cottages, regardless still

Of

Of all the false, chimerical distinctions
Vain human customs make.

SAUL.

Where is this youth?

ABNER.

Without the tent he waits. Such humble sweetness,
Fir'd with the secret conscience of desert;
Such manly bearing, tempered with such softness,
And so adorn'd with every outward charm
Of graceful form and feature, saw I never.

SAUL.

Bring me the youth.

ABNER.

He waits thy royal pleasure.

[Exit ABNER.]

SAUL.

What must I think ? Abner himself is brave,
And skill'd in human kind : nor does he judge
So lightly, to be caught by specious words,
And fraud's smooth artifice, without the marks
Of worth intrinsic. But behold he comes !
'The youth too with him ! Justly did he praise
'The candor, which adorns his open brow.

Re-enter ABNER and DAVID.

DAVID.

Hail, mighty king !

ABNER.

Behold thy proffer'd champion.

SAUL.

Art thou the youth, whose high heroic zeal
Aspires to meet the giant son of Anak ?

DAVID.

DAVID.

If so the king permit.

SAUL.

Impossible!

Why, what experience has thy youth of arms?
Where didst thou learn the dreadful trade of war?
Beneath what hoary vet'ran hast thou serv'd?
What feats atchiev'd, what deeds of bold emprise?
What well-rang'd phalanx, and what charging
 hosts,
What hard campaigns, what sieges hast thou seen?
Hast thou e'er scal'd the city's rampir'd wall,
Or hurl'd the missile dart, or learn'd to poise
The warrior's deathful spear? The use of targe,
Of helm, and buckler, is to thee unknown.

DAVID.

Arms I have seldom seen. I little know
Of war's proud discipline. The trumpet's clang,
The shock of charging hosts, the rampir'd wall,
Th' embattled phalanx, and the warrior spear,
The use of targe and helm to me is new.

My

My zeal for God, my patriot love of Israel,
And reverence for my king, these are my claims.

SAUL.

But, gentle youth, thou hast no fame in arms.
Renown, with her shrill clarion never bore
Thy honour'd name to many a land remote.
From the fair regions, where Euphrates laves
Assyria's borders, to the distant Nile.

DAVID.

True, mighty king! I am indeed alike
Unblest'd by Fortune, and to Fame unknown;
A lowly shepherd-swain of Judah's tribe.
But greatness ever springs from low beginnings.
That very Nile thou mention'st, whose broad
stream
Bears fruitfulness and health thro' many a clime,
From an unknown, penurious, scanty source,
Took its first rise. The forest oak, which shades
Thy sultry troops in many a toilsome march,
Once an unheeded acorn lay. O king!
Who ne'er begins, can never ought achieve

Of

Of glorious. Thou thyself wast once unknown,
 'Till fair occasion brought thy worth to light.
 Sublimer views inspire my youthful heart,
 Than human praise: I seek to vindicate
 Th' insulted honour of the God thou serv'st.

ABNER.

'Tis nobly said.

SAUL.

I love thy spirit, youth!
 But dare not trust thy in experienc'd arm
 Against a giant's might. The sight of blood,
 Tho' brave thou feel'st when peril is not nigh,
 Will pale thy ardent cheek.

DAVID.

Not so, O king!
 This youthful arm has been imbru'd in blood,
 Tho' yet no blood of man has ever stain'd it.
 Thy servant's occupation is a shepherd.
 With jealous care I watch'd my father's flock:
 A brindled lion, and a furious bear,

Forth

Forth from the thicket rush'd upon the fold,
 Seiz'd a young lamb, and tore their bleating spoil.
 Urg'd by compassion for my helpless charge,
 I felt a new-born vigour nerve my arm,
 And, eager, on the foaming monsters rush'd.
 The famish'd lion by his grisly beard,
 Enrag'd, I caught, and smote him to the ground.
 The panting monster struggling in my gripe,
 Shook terribly his bristling mane, and lash'd
 His own gaunt, goary sides; fiercely he ground
 His gnashing teeth, and roll'd his starting eyes
 Bloodshot with agony: then with a groan,
 That wak'd the echoes of the mountain, dy'd.
 Nor did his grim associate 'scape my arm;
 Thy servant slew the lion and the bear,
 I kill'd them both, and bore their shaggy spoils
 In triumph home. And shall I fear to meet
 Th' uncircumcis'd Philistine? No: that God,
 Who sav'd me from the bear's destructive fang,
 And hungry lion's jaw, will not he save me
 From this Idolater?

SAUL.

He will, he will!
 Go, noble youth! be valiant, and be bless'd!

The

The God thou serv'st will shield thee in the fight,
And nerve thy arm with more than mortal strength.

ABNER.

So the bold Nazarite* a lion flew,
An earnest of his victories o'er Philistia.

SAUL.

Go, Abner ! see the youth be well equipp'd
With shield and spear. - Be it thy care to grace
him

With all the fit accoutrements of war.
The choicest mail from my rich armory take,
And gird upon his thigh my own try'd sword
Of noblest temper'd steel.

SAUL.

I shall obey.

*Samson. See Judges, chap. xiv.

DAVID.

DAVID.

Pardon, O king! the coat of plaited mail,
These limbs have never known; it wou'd not
shield,
'Twou'd but encumber one, who never felt
The weight of armour.

SAUL:

Take thy wish, my son.
Thy sword then, and the God of Jacob guard
thee!

D A V I D
A N D
G O L I A T H.

P A R T IV.

SCENE, another Part of the Camp;

DAVID.

ETERNAL Justice, in whose awful scale
Th' event of battle hangs! Eternal Mercy,
Whose universal beam illumines all!
If, by thy attributes I may unblam'd,
Address thee; Lord of glory, hear me now!
O teach these hands to war, these arms to fight!
Thou ever present help in time of need!

Let

Let thy broad mércy, as a shield, defend ;
And let thine everlasting arms support me !
'Then, tho' the heathen rage, I shall not fear.
JEHOVAH ! be my buckler. Mighty LORD !
'Thou, who hast deign'd by humble instruments,
'To manifest the marvels of thy might,
Be present with me now ! 'tis thy own cause !
'Thy wisdom will foresee, thy goodness chuse,
And thy omnipotence will execute
'Thy high designs, tho' by a feeble arm !
I feel a secret impulse drive me on,
And my soul springs impatient for the fight.
'Tis not the heated spirits or warm blood
Of sanguine youth ; and yet I pant, I burn
To meet th' insulting foe. - I thirst for glory ;
Yet not the fading glory of renown,
The perishable praise of mortal man.

DAVID, ELIAB, ISRAELITES.

ELIAB.

What do I hear, thou truant ? thou hast dar'd,
Ev'n to the awful presence of the king,
Bear thy presumption !

DAVID.

DAVID.

He who fears the LORD,
Shall boldly stand before the face of kings,
And shall not be ashamed.

ELIAB.

But what wild dream
Has urg'd thee to this deed of desperate rashness?
'Thou mean'st, so have I learn'd, to meet Goliath,
His single arm to thine.

DAVID.

'Tis what I mean,
Ev'n on this spot; each moment I expect
His wish'd approach.

ELIAB.

Go home; return, for shame!
Nor madly pull destruction on thy head,
Thy doating father, when thy shepherd's coat
Drench'd in thy blood is brought him, will lament,
And rend his furrow'd cheek, and silver hair,

As

As if some mighty loss had touch'd his age;
And mourn, even as the partial patriarch mourn'd,
When Joseph's bloody garment he receiv'd,
From his less dear, not less deserving, sons.
But whence that glitt'ring ornament, which hangs
Useless upon thy thigh?

DAVID.

'Tis the king's gift.
But thou art right; it suits not me, my brother.
Nor sword I mean to wear, nor spear to poize,
Lest men shou'd say I put my trust in ought,
Save an eternal shield.

ELIAB.

Then thou indeed
Art bent to seek thy death.

DAVID.

And what is death?
Is it so terrible to die, my brother?
Or grant it terrible, say is it not
Inevitable too? If, by eluding death,

When

When some high duty calls us forth to die,
 We cou'd for ever shun it, and escape
 The universal lot ; then fond self-love,
 Then human prudence, boldly might produce
 Their fine-spun arguments, their learn'd harangues,
 Their cobweb arts, their phrase sophistical,
 Their subtle doubts and all the specious trick,
 Of eloquent cunning lab'ring for its end,
 But since, howe'er, protracted, death will come,
 Why fondly study, with ingenious pains,
 To put it off?—To breathe a little longer,
 Is to defer our fate, but not to shun it :
 Small gain ! which Wisdom with indiff'rent eye
 Beholds. Why wish to drink the bitter dregs
 Of life's exhausted chalice, whose last runnings,
 Ev'n at the best, are vapid ? Why not die,
 (If Heav'n so will) in manhood's op'ning bloom,
 When all the flush of life is gay about us,
 When sprightly youth, with many a new-born joy,
 Solicits ev'ry sense ? So may we then,
 Present a sacrifice, unmeet, indeed,
 (Ah how unmeet !) but more acceptable
 Than the world's leavings ; than a worn-out heart,
 By vice enfeebled, and by vain desires
 Sunk and exhausted !

ELIAB.

ELIAB

Hark ! I hear a sound
Of multitudes approaching !

DAVID.

'Tis the giant !
I see him not, but hear his measur'd pace.

ELIAB.

Look where his pond'rous shield is borne before
him !

DAVID.

Like a broad moon its ample disk protends.
But soft, what unknown prodigy appears ?
A moving mountain cas'd in polish'd brass !

ELIAB *getting behind* DAVID.

How's this ? thou dost not tremble. Thy firm
joints
Betray not fear ; thy accents are not broken :
Thy cheek retains its red, thine eye its lustre.

He

He comes more near. Dost thou not fear him
now?

DAVID.

No.

The vast colossal statue nor inspires
Respect nor fear. Mere magnitude of form,
Without proportion'd intellect and valour,
Strikes not my soul with rev'rence nor with awe.

ELIAB.

Near and more near, he comes. I hold it rash
To stay so near him, and expose a life,
Which may hereafter serve the state. Farewell!

[Exit.

[Goliath advances, clad in complete armour.
One bearing his shield precedes him. The oppo-
sing armies are seen at a distance, drawn up
on each side of the valley. Goliath begins to
speak, before he comes on. David stands in the
same place, with an air of indifference.]

GOLI-

GOLIATH.

Where is the mighty man of war who dares
Accept the challenge of Philistia's chief?
What victor-king, what gen'ral drench'd in blood,
Claims this high privilege? What are his rights?
What proud credentials does the boaster bring,
To prove his claim! What cities laid in ashes?
What ruin'd provinces? What slaughter'd realms?
What heads of heroes, and what hearts of kings,
In battle kill'd, or at his altars slain,
Has he to boast? Is his' bright armoury
Thick set with spears, and swords and coats of
mail,

Of vanquish'd nations, by his single arm
Subdu'd? Where is the mortal man so bold,
So much a wretch, so out of love with life,
To dare the weight of this uplifted spear,
Which never fell innoxious? Yet I swear,
I grudge the glory to his parting soul,
To fall by this right-hand. 'Twill sweeten death,
To know he had the honour to contend
With the dread son of Anak. Latest time
From blank oblivion shall retrieve HIS name,
Who dar'd to perish in unequal fight

With

With Gath's triumphant champion. Come, advance !

Philistia's Gods to Israel's. Sound, my herald—
Sound for the battle strait !

[Herald sounds the trumpet.]

DAVID.

Behold thy foe !

GOLIATH.

I see him not.

DAVID.

Behold him here !

GOLIATH.

Say, where ?

Direct my fight. I do not war with boys.

DAVID.

I stand prepar'd, thy single arm to mine.

F

COLI-

GOLIATH.

Why, this is mockery, Minion! it may chance
To cost thee dear. Sport not with things above
thee :

But tell me who, of all this num'rous host,
Expects his death from me? Which is the man,
Whom Israel sends to meet my bold defiance?

DAVID.

'Th' election of my sov'reign falls on me.

GOLIATH.

On thee? on thee? by Dagon, 'tis too much!
'Thou curled Minion! thou a nation's champion!
'Twou'd move my mirth at any other time;
But trifling's out of tune. Begone, light boy!
And tempt me not too far.

DAVID.

I do defy thee;
'Thou foul idolater! hast thou not scorn'd

The

The armies of the living God I serve?
 By me he will avenge upon thy head
 Thy nation's sins and thine. Arm'd with his
 name,

Unshrinking, I dare meet the stoutest foe
 That ever bath'd his hostile spear in blood.

GOLIATH, *ironically.*

Indeed! 'tis wond'rous well! Now, by my Gods,
 The stripling plays the orator! Vain boy!
 Keep close to that same bloodless war of words,
 And thou shalt still be safe. Tongue-valiant war-
 rior!

Where is thy sylvan crook, with garlands hung,
 Of idle field-flow'rs? Where thy wanton harp,
 Thou dainty-finger'd hero? better strike
 Its note lascivious, or the lulling lute
 Touch softly, than provoke the trumpet's rage.
 I will not stain the honour of my spear
 With thy inglorious blood. Shall that fair cheek
 Be scarr'd with wounds unseemly? Rather go,
 And hold fond dalliance with the Syrian maids;
 To wanton measures dance, and let them braid
 The bright luxuriance of thy golden hair;
 They, for their lost Adonis, may mistake
 Thy dainty form.

DAVID.

Peace, thou unhallow'd railer!

O tell it not in Gath, nor let the sound
Reach Askelon, how once your slaughter'd Lords,
By mighty * Samson found one common grave:
When his broad shoulder the firm pillars heav'd,
And to its base the tott'ring fabric shook.

GOLIATH.

Insulting boy! perhaps thou hast not heard
The infamy of that inglorious day,
When your weak hosts at † Eben-ezer pitch'd
Their quick-abandon'd tents? Then, when your
ark,
Your talisman, your charm, your boasted pledge
Of safety and success, was tamely lost!
And yet not tamely, since by me 'twas won.
When with this good right-arm I thinn'd your
ranks,
And bravely crush'd beneath a single blow,

* Judges, chap. xvi.

† 1 Samuel, chap. v.

The chosen guardians of this vaunted shrine,
Hophni * and Phineas. The fam'd ark itself,
I bore to Ashdod.

DAVID.

I remember too,
Since thou provok'st th' unwelcome truth, how all
Your blushing priests beheld their idol's shame ;
When prostrate Dagon fell before the ark,
And your frail God was shiver'd. Then Philistia,
Idoltrous Philistia flew for succour
To Israel's help, and all her smitten nobles
Confess'd the LORD was GOD, and the bless'd
ark,
Gladly, with reverential awe restor'd !

GOLIATH.

By Ashdod's fane, thou ly'st. Now will I meet
thee,

* Commentators say, that the Chaldee Paraphrase
makes Goliath boast, that he had killed Hophni and
Phineas, and taken the ark prisoner.

F 3

Thou

Thou insect warrior! since thou dar'st me thus!
 Already I behold thy mangled limbs,
 Dissever'd each from each, ere long to feed
 The fierce blood-snuffing vulture. Mark me well!
 Around my spear I'll twist thy shining locks,
 And toss in air thy head all gash'd with wounds;
 Thy lips, yet quiv'ring with the dire convulsion
 Of recent death! Art thou not terrified?

DAVID.

No.

True courage is not mov'd by breath of words.
 But the rash bravery of boiling blood,
 Impetuous, knows no settled principle.
 A fev'rish tide, it has its ebbs and flows,
 As spirits rise or fall, as wine inflames,
 Or circumstances change. But inborn courage,
 The gen'rous child of Fortitude and Faith,
 Holds its firm empire in the constant soul!
 And, like the stedfast pole-star, never once
 From the same fix'd and faithful point declines.

GOLIATH.

The curses of Philistia's gods be on thee!
 This fine-drawn speech is meant to lengthen out.
 That little life thy words pretend to scorn.

DAVID.

DAVID.

Ha! say'd thou so? come on then! Mark us well.

'Thou com'st to me with sword, and spear, and shield!

In the dread name of Israel's God, I come;
The living LORD of Hosts, whom thou defy'st!
Yet tho' no shield I bring, no arms, except
These five smooth stones I gather'd from the
brook,

With such a simple sling as shepherds use;
Yet all expos'd, defenceless as I am,
The God I serve shall give thee up a prey
To my victorious arm. This day, I mean
To make th' uncircumcised tribes confess
There is a God in Israel. I will give thee,
Spite of thy vaunted strength, and giant bulk,
To glut the carrion kites. Not thee alone;
'The mangled carcasses of your thick hosts,
Shall spread the plains of Elah: till Philistia,
'Thro' all her trembling tents and flying bands,
Shall own that Judah's God is God indeed!
I dare thee to the trial!

104 DAVID AND GOLIATH.

GOLIATH.

Follow me.

In this good spear I trust.

DAVID.

I trust in Heaven !
The God of battle stimulates my arm,
And fires my soul with ardor not its own.

DAVID

AND

GOLIATH.

PART V.

SCENE SAUL's Tent.

SAUL *rising from his couch.*

OH! that I knew the black and midnight arts
Of wizard forcery! that I cou'd call
The slumb'ring spirit from the shades of hell!
Or, like Chaldean sages, cou'd foreknow
Th' event of things unacted! I might then
Anticipate my fortune. How I'm fall'n!
The sport of vain chimeras, the weak slave

Of Fear, and sickly Fancy; coveting
 To know the arts, which foul diviners use.
 Thick blood, and moping melancholy, lead
 To baleful Superstition; that fell fiend,
 Whose with'ring charms blast the fair bloom of
 virtue.

Why did my wounded pride with scorn reject
 The wholesome truths, which holy Samuel told
 me?

Why drive him from my presence? he might now
 Raise my sunk soul, and my benighted mind
 Enlighten with religion's cheering ray.
 He dar'd to menace me with lost empire;
 And I, for that bold honesty, dismiss'd him.
 "Another shall possess thy throne, he cry'd,
 "A stranger!" This unwelcome prophecy
 Has lin'd my crown, and strew'd my couch with
 thorns.

Each ray of op'ning merit I discern
 In friend or foe, distracts my troubled soul,
 Lest he should prove my rival. But this morn,
 Ev'n my young champion, lovely as he look'd
 In blooming valour, struck me to the soul
 With jealousy's barb'd dart. O Jealousy!
 Thou ugliest fiend of hell! thy deadly venom
 Preys on my vitals, turns the healthful hue

Of

Of my fresh cheek to haggard fallowness,
And drinks my spirit up?

[A flourish of trumpets, shouting, &c. &c.]

What sounds are those?

The combat is decided. Hark! again,
Those shouts proclaim it, Now, O God of Jacob,

If yet thou hast not quite withdrawn from Saul
Thy light and favour, prosper me this once!
But Abner comes! I dread to hear his tale.
Fair Hope, with smiling face, but ling'ring foot,
Has long deceiv'd me.

ABNER.

King of Israel, hail!
Now thou art king indeed. The youth has conquer'd,
Goliath's dead.

SAUL.

Oh, speak thy tale again,
Lest my fond ears deceive me!

ABNER.

ABNER.

Thy young champion
Has slain the Giant.

SAUL.

Then God is gracious still,
In spite of my offences! but, good Abner,
How was it? tell me all! Where is my champi-
on?

Quick let me press him to my grateful heart,
And pay him a king's thanks. And yet, who
knows?

This forward friend may prove an active foe.
No more of that.—Tell me the whole, brave Ab-
ner!

And paint the glorious acts of my young hero!

ABNER.

Full in the centre of the camp they stood;
Th' opposing armies rang'd on either side,
In proud array. The haughty Giant stalk'd,
Stately, across the valley. Next the youth
With modest confidence advanc'd. Nor pomp,
Nor gay parade, nor martial ornament,

His

His graceful form adorn'd. Goliath strait,
 With solemn state, began the busy work
 Of dreadful preparation. In one place,
 His closely jointed mail an op'ning left,
 For air, and only one : the watchful youth
 Mark'd that the beaver of his helm was up.
 Meanwhile the Giant such a blow devis'd,
 As wou'd have crush'd him ; this the youth per-
 ceiv'd,

And from his well-directed sling, he hurl'd,
 With dextrous aim, a stone, which sunk, deep
 lodg'd,

In the capacious forehead of the foe.

Then with a cry, as loud and terrible,

As Lybian lions roaring for their young,

Quite stunn'd, the furious Giant, stagger'd, reel'd,

And fell : the mighty mass of man fell prone.

With its own weight his shatter'd bulk was bruis'd.

His clattering arms rung dreadful thro' the field,

And the firm basis of the solid earth

Shook. Chok'd with blood and dust, he curs'd his
 gods,

And dy'd blaspheming ! Strait the victor youth

Drew from its sheath the Giant's pond'rous sword,

And from the enormous trunk the goary head,

Furious in death, he sever'd. The grim visage

Look'd threat'ning still, and still frown'd horribly.

SAUL.

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SAUL.

O glorious deed! O valiant conqueror!

ABNER.

The youth so calm appear'd, so nobly firm;
So cool, yet so intrepid; that these eyes
Ne'er saw such temp'rate valour, so chaf'tis'd
By modesty.

SAUL.

Thou dwell'st upon his praise
With needless circumstance. 'Twas nobly done;
But others too have fought!

ABNER.

None, none so bravely.

SAUL.

What follow'd next?

ABNER.

The shouting Israelites
On the Philistines rush'd, and still pursue

Their

Their routed remnants. In dismay, their bands
Disorder'd fly. While shouts of loud acclaim
Pursue their brave deliverer. Lo, he comes!
Bearing the Giant's head, and shining sword,
His well-earn'd trophies.

SAUL, ABNER, DAVID.

[David, *bearing Goliath's head and sword. He
kneels, and lays both at Saul's feet.*]

SAUL.

Welcome to my heart,
My glorious champion! my deliverer, welcome!
How shall I speak the swelling gratitude
Of my full heart? or give thee the high praise
Thy gallant deeds deserve?

DAVID.

O mighty king!
Sweet is the breath of praise, when giv'n by those
Whose own high merit claims the praise they give.
But let not this one fortunate event,
By Heav'n-directed, be ascrib'd to me.

I might

I might have fought with equal skill and courage,
And not have gain'd this conquest; then had shame,
Harsh obloquy, and foul disgrace, befall'n me.
But prosp'rous fortune gains the praise of valour."

SAUL.

I like not this. In every thing superior!
He soars above me (*Aside.*) Modest youth, thou'rt
right.
And fortune, as thou say'st, deserves the praise
We give to human valour.

DAVID.

Rather say,
The GOD OF HOSTS deserves it.

SAUL.

Tell me, youth!
What is thy name, and what thy father's house?

DAVID.

My name is David, Jesse is my sire,
An humble Bethle'mite of Judah's tribe.

SAUL.

SAUL.

David, the son of Jesse! Sure that name
Has been familiar to me! Nay, thy voice,
Thy form and features, I remember too,
Tho' faint and indistinctly.

ABNER.

In this Hero
Behold thy sweet musician; he whose harp
Expell'd the melancholy fiend, whose pow'r
Enslav'd thy spirit.

DAVID.

This the modest youth;
Whom, for his skill and virtues, I preferr'd
To bear my armour?

DAVID.

I am he, O king!

SAUL.

SAUL.

Why this concealment? tell me, valiant David!
Why didst thou hide thy birth and name till now?

DAVID.

O king! I wou'd not ought from favour claim,
Or on remember'd services presume:
But on the strength of my own actions stand,
Ungrac'd and unsupported.

ABNER.

Well he merits
The honours, which await him. Why, O king!
Dost thou delay to bless his doubting heart
With his well-earn'd rewards? Thy lovely daughter,
By right of conquest his!

SAUL, to DAVID.

True—thou hast won her.
She shall be thine—Yes, a king's word is past.

DAVID,

DAVID.

O boundless blessing ! What, shall she be mine,
For whom contending monarchs might renounce
Their slighted crowns ?

[Sounds of musical instruments heard at a distance. Shouting and singing. A grand procession. Chorus of Hebrew Women.]

SAUL.

How's this ? what sounds of joy
Salute my ears ? what means this pageantry ?
This merry sound of tabret and of harp ?
What mean these idle instruments of triumph ?
These women, who in fair procession move,
Making sweet melody ?

ABNER.

To pay due honour
To David are they come.

SAUL.

[Aside.

A rival's praise
Is discord to the ear of jealousy !

[Martial

[*Martial symphony. After which Chorus of Women sing.*]

I.

PREPARE ! your festal rites prepare !
 Let your triumphs rend the air !
 Idol gods shall reign no more,
 We the living LORD adore !
 Let heathen hosts on human helps repose,
 Since Israel's GOD has routed Israel's foes.

II.

Let remotest nations know,
 Proud Goliath's overthrow :
 Fall'n, Philistia ! is thy trust,
 Dagon's honour laid in dust !
 Who fears the LORD of Glory, need not fear
 The brazen armour, or the lifted spear.

III.

See, the routed squadrons fly !
 Hark ! their clamours rend the sky !
 Blood and carnage stain the field !
 See the vanquish'd nations yield !
 Dismay and terror fill the frighten'd land ;
 While conq'ring David routs the trembling band.

IV.

IV.

Lo! upon the tented field,
Royal Saul has thousands kill'd!
Lo! upon th' ensanguin'd plain,
David has ten thousand slain!

Let mighty Saul his vanquish'd thousands tell,
While tenfold triumphs David's victories swell.

T H E E N D.

IV

I sat upon the tented hill,
 Royal Saul has thousands killed;
 I sat upon the conquering plain,
 David has ten thousand slain;
 For mighty Saul his vanquished thousand led,
 While David's army his victor's train led.

THE END

BELSHAZZAR:

A

SACRED DRAMA.

How art thou fallen from Heaven, O Lucifer,
Son of the Morning! How art thou cut down to
the ground, who didst weaken the nations!

ISAIAH.

PERSONS of the DRAMA.

BELSHAZZAR, King of Babylon.

NITOCRIS, the Queen-mother.

COURTIERS, ASTROLOGERS, PARASITES.

DANIEL, the JEWISH Prophet.

Captive Jews, &c. &c.

SCENE, BABYLON. Time, Night.

✧ The subject of this Drama is taken from the Fifth Chapter of the Prophet *Daniel*.

BELSHAZZAR.

PART I.

SCENE, Near the Palace of *Babylon*.

DANIEL.

PARENT of life and light ! sole source of
good !

Whose tender mercies through the tide of time,
In long successive order, have sustain'd,
And sav'd the sons of Israel ! Thou, whose pow'r
Deliver'd righteous Noah from the flood,
The whelming flood, the grave of human kind !
Oh Thou ! whose guardian care, and out-stretch'd
hand,

G

Rescued

Rescued young Isaac from the lifted arm,
 Rais'd, at thy bidding, to devote a son,
 An only son, doom'd by his sire to die.
 (Oh, saving Faith, by such obedience prov'd!
 Oh blest obedience, hallow'd thus by faith!)
 Thou, who in mercy sav'dst the chosen race,
 In the wild desert; and did'st there sustain them,
 By wonder-working love, tho' they rebell'd,
 And murmur'd at the miracles that sav'd them!
 Oh, hear thy servant Daniel! hear, and help!
 Thou! whose almighty pow'r did after raise
 Successive leaders to defend our race:
 Who sentest valiant Joshua to the field,
 Thy people's champion, to the conq'ring field;
 Where the revolving planet of the night,
 Suspended in her radiant round, was stay'd;
 And the bright sun, arrested in his course,
 Stupendously stood still!

Chorus of JEWS.

I.

What ailed thee, that thou stood'st still,
 O sun! nor did thy flaming orb decline?
 And thou, O moon! in Ajalon's dark vale,
 Why didst thou long beyond thy period shine?

II.

II.

Was it at Joshua's dread command,
 The leader of the Israelitish band?
 Yes—at a mortal bidding both stood still;
 'Twas Joshua's word, but 'twas *Jehovah's* will.

III.

What all-controuling hand had force
 To stop eternal Nature's constant course?
 The wand'ring moon to one fix'd spot confine,
 But He, whose fiat bade the planets shine?

DANIEL.

O Thou! who, when thy discontented host,
 Tir'd of *Jehovah's* rule, desir'd a king,
 In anger gav'st them Saul; and then again
 Didst wrest the regal sceptre from his hand,
 To give it David—David, best belov'd!
 Illustrious David! Poet, prophet, king!
 Thou, who didst suffer Solomon his son,
 To build a glorious temple to thy name!
 Oh hear thy servants, and forgive them too,
 If, by severe necessity compell'd,

G 2

We

We worship here—we have no temple now;
Altar or sanctuary, none is left.

Chorus of JEWS.

O Judah! let thy captive sons deplore,
Thy far-fam'd temple's now no more!
Fall'n is thy sacred fane, thy glory gone,
Fall'n is thy temple, Solomon.

Ne'er did Barbaric kings behold,
With all their shining gems, their burnish'd gold,
A fane so perfect, bright and fair;
For God himself was wont t' inhabit there:
Between the Cherubim his glory stood,
While the high-priest alone the dazzling splendor
view'd.

How fondly did the Tyrian artist strive,
His name to latest time shou'd live!
Such wealth the stranger wonder'd to behold:
Gold were the tablets, and the vases gold.

Of cedar such an ample store,
Exhausted Lebanon cou'd yield no more.
Bending before the Ruler of the sky,
Well might the royal founder cry,
Fill'd with an holy dread, a rev'rend fear,
Will God in very deed inhabit here?

The

The heav'n of heav'ns beneath his feet,
 Is for the bright inhabitant unmeet:
 Archangels prostrate wait his high commands,
 And will he deign to dwell in temples made with
 hands?

DANIEL.

Yes, thou art ever present, Pow'r supreme!
 Not circumscrib'd by time, nor fix'd to space,
 Confin'd to altars, nor to temples bound.
 In wealth, in want, in freedom, or in chains,
 In dungeons or on thrones, the faithful find thee!
 Ev'n in the burning cauldron thou wast near
 To Shadrach and the holy brotherhood:
 The unhurt martyrs blest'd thee in the flames;
 They sought, and found thee; call'd, and thou wast
 there.

First JEW.

How chang'd our state! Judah! thy glory's
 fall'n.
 Thy joys for hard captivity exchange'd;
 And thy sad sons breathe the polluted air
 Of Babylon, where deities obscene
 Insult the living God; and to his servants,

The priests of wretched idols, made with hands,
Shew contumelious scorn.

DANIEL.

'Tis Heaven's high will.

Second JEW.

If I forget thee, O Jerusalem!
If I not fondly cherish thy lov'd image,
Ev'n in the giddy hour of thoughtless mirth;
If I not rather view thy prostrate walls
Than haughty Babylon's imperial tow'rs;
Then may my tongue refuse to frame the strains
Of sweetest harmony; my rude right hand
Forget, with sounds symphonious, to accord
The harp of Jesse's son, to Sion's songs.

First JEW.

Oft on Euphrates' ever verdant banks,
Where drooping willows form a mournful shade;
With all the pride which prosp'rous fortunes give,
And all th' unfeeling mirth of happy men,
Th' insulking Babylonians ask a song;

Such

Such songs as erst, in better days, were sung
 By Korah's sons, or heav'n-taught Asaph set
 To loftiest measures; then our bursting hearts
 Feel all their woes afresh; the galling chain
 Of bondage crushes then the free-born soul
 With wringing anguish; from the trembling lip
 Th' unfinish'd cadence falls, and the big tear,
 While it relieves, betrays the woe-fraught soul.
 For who can view Euphrates' pleasant stream,
 Its drooping willows, and its verdant banks,
 And not to wounded memory recal
 The piny groves of fertile Palæstine,
 The vales of Solyma, and Jordan's stream?

DANIEL.

Firm faith, and deep submission to high Heav'n,
 Will teach us to endure, without a murmur,
 What seems so hard. Think what the holy host
 Of patriarchs, saints, and prophets, have sustain'd
 In the blest cause of Truth! And shall not we,
 O men of Judah! dare what these have dar'd,
 And boldly pass thro' the refining fire
 Of fierce affliction? Yes, be witness, Heav'n!
 Old as I am, I will not shrink at death,
 Come in what shape it may, if GOD so will,

By peril to confirm and prove my faith.
Oh! I wou'd dare yon' den of hungry lions,
Rather than pause to fill the task assign'd,
By wisdom infinite. Nor think I boast,
Not in myself, but in thy strength I trust,
Spirit of God!

First JEW.

Prophet! thy words support,
And raise our sinking souls.

DANIEL.

Behold yon' palace,
Where proud Belshazzar keeps his wanton court!
I knew it once beneath another lord,
His grandfire *, who subdued Jehoiachin,
And hither brought sad Judah's captive tribes;
Together with the rich and sacred relics
Of our fam'd temple; all the holy treasure,
The golden vases, and the sacred cups,
Which grac'd in happier times, the sanctuary.

* Nebuchadnezzar.

Second

Second JEW.

May HE, to whose blest use they were devoted,
 Preserve them from pollution; and once more,
 In his own gracious time, restore the temple!

DANIEL.

I, with some favour'd youths of Jewish race,
 Was lodg'd in his own palace, and instructed
 In all the various learning of the east:
 But HE, on whose great name our fathers call'd,
 Preserv'd us from the perils of a court;
 And warn'd us to avoid the tempting cates
 Pernicious lux'ry offer'd to our taste.
 Fell luxury! more perilous to youth
 Than storms or quick sands, poverty or chains.

Second JEW.

He, who can guard 'gainst the low baits of sense,
 Will find Temptation's arrows hurtless strike
 Against the brazen shield of Temperance.
 For 'tis th' inferior appetites enthrall

The man, and quench th' immortal light within
him;

The senses take the soul an easy prey,
And sink th' imprison'd spirit into brute,

DANIEL.

Twice †, by the Spirit of God, did I expound,
The visions of the king; his soul was touch'd,
And twice did he repent, and prostrate fall
Before the God of Daniel: yet again,
Pow'r, flatt'ry, and prosperity, undid him.
When from the lofty ramparts of his palace,
He view'd the splendors of the royal city,
That magazine of wealth, which proud Euphrates
Wafts from each distant corner of the earth;
When he beheld the adamantine towers,
The brazen gates, the bulwarks of his strength,
The pendent gardens, art's stupendous work,
The wonder of the world!—The proud Chaldean,
Mad with the insolence of boundless wealth,
And pow'r supreme, conceiv'd himself a God.

† Daniel, chap. ii. and iv.

" This mighty Babylon is mine," he cried,
 " My wond'rous pow'r, *my* godlike arm atchiev'd
 " it.

" I scorn submission, own no deity
 " Above my own."——While the blasphemer
 spoke,

The wrath of Heav'n inflicted instant vengeance ;
 Stripp'd him of that bright reason he abus'd,
 And drove him from the chearful haunts of men,
 A naked, wretched, helpless, senseless thing ;
 Companion of the brutes, his equals now.

First JEW.

Nor does his impious grandson, proud Belshaz-
 zar,

Fall short of his offences ; nay, he wants
 The valiant spirit, and the active soul,
 Of his progenitor : for Pleasure's slave,
 Though bound in flow'ry fetters, silky-soft,
 Is more subdued, than is the casual victim
 Of furious rage, and violent ambition.
 Ambition is a fierce, but short-liv'd fire ;
 But Pleasure with a constant flame consumes.
 War slays her thousands ; but destructive Pleasure,
 More fell, more fatal, her ten thousands slays :

The

The young, luxurious king she fondly woos
 In ev'ry shape of am'rous blandishment ;
 With adulation smooth ensnares his soul,
 With love betrays him, and with wine inflames.
 She strews her magic poppies o'er his couch ;
 And with delicious opiates charms him down,
 In fatal slumbers bound. Though Babylon
 Is now invested by the warlike troops
 Of the young Cyrus, Persia's valiant prince ;
 Who, in conjunction with the Median king,
 Darius, fam'd for conquest, now prepares
 To storm the city ; not th' impending horrors
 Which ever wait a siege, have pow'r to wake
 To thought, or sense, th' intoxicated king.

DANIEL.

Ev'n in this night of universal dread,
 A mighty army threat'ning at the gates ;
 This very night, as if in scorn of danger,
 The dissolute Belsazzar holds a feast
 Magnificently impious, meant to honour
 Belus, the fav'rite Babylonish idol.
 Lewd parasites compose his wanton court,
 Whose impious flatt'ries soothe his monstrous
 crimes :

They

They justify his vices, and extol
 His boastful phrase, as if he were some god.
 Whate'er he says, they say ; what he commands,
 Implicitly they do ; they echo back
 His blasphemies, with shouts of loud acclaim ;
 And when he wounds the tortur'd ear of Virtue,
 They cry, All hail ! Belshazzar live for ever !
 To-night a thousand nobles fill his hall,
 Princes and all the dames who grace the court ;
 All but the virtuous-queen, sage Nitocris ;
 Ah ! how unlike the impious king her son !
 She never mingles in the midnight fray,
 Nor crowns the guilty banquet with her presence.
 The royal fair is rich in ev'ry virtue
 Which can adorn the queen, or grace the woman.
 But for the wisdom of her prudent counsels
 This wretched empire had been long undone.
 Not fam'd Semiramis, Assyria's pride,
 Cou'd boast a brighter mind, or firmer soul ;
 Beneath the gentle reign of * Merodach,
 Her royal lord, our nation tasted peace.
 Our captive monarch, sad Jehoiachin,
 Grown grey in a close prison's horrid gloom,

* 2 Kings, chap. xxv.

He freed from bondage; brought the hoary king
To taste once more the long-forgotten sweets
Of precious liberty, and chearful light;
Pour'd in his wounds the lenient balm of kindness,

And bless'd his setting hour of life with peace.

*[Sound of trumpets is heard
at a distance.]*

First JEW.

That sound proclaims the banquet is begun.

Second JEW.

Hark! the licentious uproar grows more loud.
The vaulted roof resounds with shouts of mirth,
And the firm palace shakes! Retire, my friends;
This madness is not meet for sober ears.
If any of our race were found so near,
'Twou'd but expose us to the rude attack
Of ribaldry obscene, and impious jests,
From these mad sons of Belial, now inflam'd
To deeds of riot from the wanton feast.

DANIEL.

DANIEL.

Here part we then! but when again to meet,
Who knows save Heav'n! Yet, O, my friends! I
feel

An impulse more than human stir my breast.
Rapt in prophetic † vision, I behold
Things hid as yet from mortal sight. I see
The dart of vengeance tremble in the air,
Ere long to pierce the impious king. Ev'n now
The fierce, destroying angel stalks abroad,
And brandishes aloft the two-edg'd sword
Of retribution keen; he soon will strike,
And Babylon shall weep as Sion wept.
Pass but a little while, and you shall see
This queen of cities prostrate on the earth.
This haughty mistress of the kneeling world,
How shall she sit dishonour'd in the dust,
In tarnish'd pomp and solitary woe!
How shall she shroud her glories in the dark,
And in opprobrious silence hide her head!

† See the Prophecies of Isaiah, chap. xlvii. and
others.

Lament, O virgin daughter of Chaldea !
For thou shalt fall, imperial queen ! shalt fall !
No more Sidonian robes shall grace thy limbs.
To purple garments, sackcloth shall succeed ;
And sordid dust and ashes shall supply
The od'rous nard and cassia. Thou, who said'st
I am, and there is none beside me : thou,
Ev'n thou, imperial Babylon ! shalt fall :
Thy glory quite eclips'd ! The pleasant sound
Of viol, and of harp, shall charm no more ;
Nor song of Syrian damsels shall be heard,
Responsive to the lute's luxurious note.
But the loud bittern's cry, the raven's croak,
The bat's fell scream, the lonely owl's dull plaint,
And ev'ry hideous bird with ominous shriek,
Shall scare affrighted Silence from thy walls.
While *Desolation*, snatching from the hand
Of Time the scythe of ruin, sits aloft,
In dreadful majesty and horrid pomp ;
Glancing with fullen pride thy crumbling tow'rs,
Thy broken battlements, thy columns fall'n :
Then, pointing to the mischiefs she has made,
The fiend exclaims, This once was Babylon !

BELSHAZZAR.

PART II.

SCENE, *The Court of BELSHAZZAR. The King seated on a magnificent throne. Princes, Nobles, and Attendants. Ladies of the Court. Music—A superb Banquet.*

First COURTIER. *Rises and kneels.*

HAIL, mighty king!

Second COURTIER.

Belshazzar, live for ever!

Third COURTIER.

Sun of the world, and light of kings, all hail!

Fourth

Fourth COURTIER.

With lowest reverence, such as best becomes
 The humblest creatures of imperial power,
 Behold a thousand nobles bend before thee!
 Princes far fam'd, and dames of high descent:
 Yet all this pride of wealth, this boast of beauty,
 Shrinks into nought before thine awful eye;
 And lives or dies, as the king frowns or smiles!

BELSHAZZAR.

This is such homage, as becomes your love;
 And suits the mighty monarch of mankind.

Fifth COURTIER.

The bending world should prostrate thus before
 thee;
 And pay, not only praise, but adoration!

BELSHAZZAR, *Rises, and comes forward.*

Let dull philosophy preach self-denial;
 Let envious poverty, and snarling age,
 Proudly declaim against the joys they know not.
 Let

Let the deluded Jews, who fondly hope
 Some fancied heav'n hereafter, mortify;
 And lose the actual blessings of this world,
 To purchase others which may never come.
 Our Gods may promise less, but give us more.
 Ill cou'd my ardent spirit be content
 With meagre abstinence; and hungry hope.
 Let those misjudging Israelites, who want
 The nimble spirits, and the active soul,
 Call their blunt feelings virtue: let them drudge,
 In regular progression, thro' the round
 Of formal duty, and of daily toil;
 And, when they want the genius to be blest,
 Believe their harsh austerity is goodness.
 If there be Gods, they meant we shou'd be hap-
 py;
 Why give us else these appetites to be so?
 And why, the means to crown them with indul-
 gence?
 To burst the feeble bonds, which hold the vulgar,
 Is noble daring.

First COURTIER.

And is therefore worthy
 The high imperial spirit of Belshazzar.

Second

Second COURTIER.

Behold a banquet, which the gods might share.

BELSHAZZAR.

To night, my friends! your monarch shall be
blest

With every various joy; to night is ours;
Nor shall the envious gods, who view our bliss,
And sicken as they view, to-night disturb us.
Bring all the richest spices of the East,
The od'rous cassia, and the dropping myrrh;
The liquid amber, and the fragrant gums;
Rob Gilead of its balms, Belshazzar bids,
And leave the Arabian shores without an odour.
Bring freshest flow'rs, exhaust the blooming spring,
Twine the green myrtle with the short-liv'd rose;
And ever, as the blushing garland fades,
We'll learn to snatch the fugitive delight,
And grasp the flying joy ere it escape us.
Come—fill the smiling goblet for the king;
Belshazzar will not let a moment pass,
Unmark'd by some enjoyment! The full bowl
Let every guest partake!

[*Courtiers kneel, and drink.*

First

First COURTIER.

Here's to the king!
 Light of the world, and glory of the earth,
 Whose word is fate!

BELSHAZZAR.

Yes, we are likest gods,
 When we have pow'r, and use it. What is
 wealth,
 But the blest means to gratify desire?
 I will not have a wish, a hope, a thought,
 That shall not know fruition. What is empire?
 The privilege to punish and enjoy;
 To feel our pow'r in making others fear it;
 To taste of pleasure's cup till we grow giddy,
 And think ourselves immortal. This is empire!
 My ancestors scarce tasted of its joys:
 Shut from the sprightly world, and all its charms,
 In cumbrous majesty, in fullen state,
 And dull unsocial dignity they liv'd;
 Far from the sight of an admiring world,

That

That world, whose gaze makes half the charms of
greatness ;
They nothing knew of empire but the name,
Or saw it in the looks of trembling slaves ;
And all they felt of royalty was care.
But I will see, and know it of myself ;
Youth, wealth, and greatness court me to be blest,
And Pow'r and Pleasure draw with equal force
And sweet attraction : both I will embrace
With fond delight ; but this is Pleasure's day ;
Ambition will have time to reign hereafter ;
It is the proper appetite of age.
The lust of pow'r shall lord it uncontroll'd,
When all the gen'rous feelings grow obtuse,
And stern dominion holds, with rigid hand,
His iron rein, and sits and sways alone.
But youth is Pleasure's hour !

First COURTIER.

Perish the slave
Who, with officious counsel, wou'd oppose
The king's desire, whose slightest wish is law !

BELSHAZZAR.

BELSHAZZAR.

Now strike the loud-ton'd lyre, and softer lute;
 Let me have music, with the nobler aid
 Of poesy! Where are those cunning men,
 Who boast, by chosen sounds, and measur'd sweet-
 ness,

To set the busy spirits in a flame,
 And cool them at their will? who know the art
 To call the hidden pow'rs of numbers forth,
 And make the pliant instrument, the mind,
 Yield to the pow'rful sympathy of sound,
 Obedient to the master's artful hand?

Such magic is in song! Then give me song;
 Yet not at first such soul-dissolving strains,
 As melt the soften'd sense; but such bold mea-
 sures,

As may inflame my spirit to despise
 The ambitious Persian, that presumptuous boy,
 Who rashly dares ev'n now invest our city,
 And menaces th' invincible Belshazzar.

A grand

*A grand CONCERT of MUSIC, after which
an ODE.*

In vain shall Persian Cyrus dare
With great Belshazzar wage unequal war:

In vain Darius shall combine,
Darius, leader of the Median line;
While fair Euphrates' stream our walls protects,
And great Belshazzar's self our fate directs.

War and famine threat in vain,
While this demi-god shall reign!
Let Persia's prostrate king confess his pow'r,
And Media's monarch dread his vengeful hour.

On Dura's † ample plain behold
Immortal Belus ‡, whom the nations own;
Sublime he stands in burnish'd gold,
And richest offerings his bright altars crown.

To-

† Daniel, chap. iii.

‡ See a very fine description of the Temple of this
Idol.

—— The tow'ring fane
Of Bel, Chaldean Jove, surpassing far
That Doric Temple, which the Elean chiefs

Rais'd

To-night his deity we here adore,
And due libations speak his mighty pow'r.

Yet Belus' self not more we own,
Than great Belfhazzar on Chaldea's throne.

Great Belfhazzar, like a god,
Rules the nations with a nod!

To great Belfhazzar be the goblet crown'd!
Belfhazzar's name the echoing roofs rebound!

ELCHAZZAR.

Enough! the kindling rapture fires my brain,
And my heart dances to the flatt'ring sounds.
I feel myself a god! Why not a god?
What were the deities our fathers worshipp'd?
What was great Nimrod, our imperial founder?
What, greater Belus, to whose pow'r divine,
We raise to-night the banquet and the song;

Rais'd to their thunderer from the spoils of war;
Or that Ionic, where th' Ephesian bow'd
To Dian, queen of heaven. Eight towers arise,
Each above each, immeasurable height,
A monument at once of Eastern pride,
And slavish superstition, &c. &c.

JUDAH RESTORED, Book I.

H

But

But youthful heroes, mortal, like myself,
 Who by their daring earn'd divinity?
 They were but men: nay, some were less than
 men,

Tho' now rever'd as Gods. What was Anubis,
 Whom Egypt's sapient sons adore? A dog!
 And shall not I, young, valiant, and a king,
 Dare more? do more? be greater than the rest?
 I will indulge the thought.—Fill me more wine,
 To cherish and exalt the young idea! [*He drinks.*
 Ne'er did Olympian Jupiter himself
 Quaff such immortal draughts.

First COURTIER.

What cou'd that Canaan,
 That heaven in hope, that nothing in possession,
 That air-built bliss of the deluded Jews,
 That promis'd land of milk, and flowing honey;
 What cou'd that fancied Paradise bestow
 To match these generous juices?

BELSHAZZAR.

Hold—enough!

Thou hast rous'd a thought! by Heav'n I will enjoy
 it;
 A glorious thought! which will exalt to rapture
 The pleasures of the banquet, and bestow
 A yet untasted relish of delight.

First

First COURTIER.

What means the king?

BELSHAZZAR.

The Jews! saidst thou the Jews?

First COURTIER.

I spoke of that undone, that outcast people,
The tributary creatures of thy pow'r,
The captives of thy will, whose very breath
Hangs on the sov'reign pleasure of the king.

BELSHAZZAR.

When that abandon'd race was hither brought,
Were not the choicest treasures of their temple,
(Devoted to their God, and held most precious)
Among the spoils which grac'd * Nebassar's triumph,
And lodg'd in Babylon?

H 2

First

* The name of Nebuchadnezzar not being reducible to verse, I have adopted that of Nebassar, on the authority of the ingenious and learned Author of *Judub Restored*.

First COURTIER.

O king ! they were.

Second COURTIER.

The Jews, with superstitious awe, behold
These sacred symbols of their ancient faith:
Nor has captivity abated ought
The rev'rend love they bear these holy reliques.
Tho' we deride their law, and scorn their persons,
Yet never have we yet to human use
Devoted these rich vessels, set apart
To sacred purposes.

BELSHAZZAR.

I joy to hear it !

Go——fetch them hither. They shall grace our
banquet.

Does no one stir ? Belshazzar disobey'd ?
And yet you live ! Whence comes this strange re-
luctance ?

This new-born rev'rence for the helpless Jews ?
This fear to injure those, who can't revenge it ?

Send

Send to the sacred treasury in haste,
Let all be hither brought;—who answers, dies.

[They go out.]

The mantling wine a higher joy will yield,
Pour'd from the precious flaggons which adorn'd
Their far-fam'd temple, now in ashes laid.
Oh! 'twill exalt the pleasure into transport,
To gall those whining, praying Israelites!
I laugh to think what wild dismay will seize them,
When they shall learn the use that has been made
Of all their holy trumpery!

[The vessels are brought in.]

Second COURTIER.

It comes!

A goodly shew! how bright with gold and gems!
Far fitter for a youthful monarch's board,
Than the cold shrine of an unheeding god.

BELSHAZZAR.

Fill me that massy goblet to the brim..
Now, Abraham! let thy wretched race expect
The fable of their faith to be fulfilled;
Their second temple, and their promis'd king!
Now will they see, he's impotent to save;

H 3

For

For had he pow'r to help he wou'd have hinder'd
This profanation.

[As the king is going to drink, thunder is heard; he starts from the throne, spies a hand, which writes on the wall these words; MENE, MENE, TEKEL, UPHARSIN. He lets fall the goblet, and stands in an attitude of speechless horror. All start, and are terrified.]

First COURTIER, *after a long pause.*

Oh, transcendent horror!

Second COURTIER.

What may this mean! The king is greatly
mov'd!

Third COURTIER.

Nor is it strange—who unappall'd can view it?
Those sacred cups! I doubt we've gone too far.

First

First COURTIER.

Observe the fear-struck king ! his starting eyes
Roll horribly. Thrice he essay'd to speak,
And thrice his tongue refus'd.

BELSHAZZAR, *in a low trembling voice.*

Ye mystic words !

Thou semblance of an hand ! illusive forms !

Ye dire fantastic images, what are ye ?

Dread shadows, speak ! Explain your horrible
meaning ?

Ye will not answer me.—Yes, yes, I feel

I am a mortal now—My failing limbs

Refuse to bear me up. I am no god !

Gods do not tremble thus.—Support me, hold me,

These loosen'd joints, these knees which smite
each other,

Betray I'm but a man—a weak one too !

First COURTIER.

In truth, 'tis passing strange, and full of horror !

BELSHAZZAR.

Send for the learn'd magicians, every sage
Who deals in wizard spells and magic charms.

[Some go out.]

First COURTIER.

How fares my lord the king?

BELSHAZZAR.

Am I a king?

What pow'r have I? Ye lying slaves, I am not.

Oh, soul-distracting sight! but is it real?

Perhaps 'tis fancy all, or the wild dream

Of mad distemperature, the fumes of wine!

I'll look upon't no more!—So—now I'm well!

I am a king again, and know not fear.

And yet my eyes will seek that fatal spot;

And fondly dwell upon the sight, that blasts them!

Again, 'tis there! it is not fancy's work.

I see it still! 'tis written on the wall.

I see the writing, but the viewless writer,

Who, what is he? Oh, horror! horror! horror!

It

It cannot be the God of these poor Jews;
For what is He, that He can thus afflict?

Second COURTIER.

Let not my lord the king be thus dismay'd.

Third COURTIER.

Let not a phantom, an illusive shade,
Disturb the peace of him, who rules the world.

BELSHAZZAR.

No more, ye wretched sycophants! no more!
The sweetest note which flatt'ry now can strike,
Harsh and discordant grates upon my soul.
Talk not of power to one so full of fear,
So weak, so impotent! Look on that wall;
If thou wou'dst soothe my soul, explain the writing,

And thou shalt be my oracle, my God!
Tell me from whence it came, and what it means,
And I'll believe I am again a king!
Friends! princes! ease my troubled breast; and
say,

What do the mystic characters portend?

First COURTIER.

'Tis not in us, O king! to ease thy spirit;
 We are not skill'd in those mysterious arts,
 Which wait the midnight studies of the sage:
 But of the deep diviners thou shalt learn,
 The wise astrologers, the sage magicians;
 Who, of events unborn, take secret note,
 And hold deep commerce with the unseen world.

Enter ASTROLOGERS, MAGICIANS, &c. &c.

BELSHAZZAR.

Approach, ye sages, 'tis the king commands!

[They kneel.]

ASTROLOGERS.

Hail, mighty king of Babylon!

BELSHAZZAR.

Nay, rise:

I do not need your homage, but your help;
 The world may worship, you must counsel me.
 He, who declares the secret of the king,

No

No common honours shall await his skill;
Our empire shall be tax'd for his reward,
And he himself shall name the gift he wishes.
A splendid scarlet robe shall grace his limbs,
His neck a princely chain of gold adorn,
Meet honours for such wisdom: He shall rule
The third in rank throughout our Babylon.

Second: ASTROLOGER.

Such recompence becomes Belshazzar's bounty.
Let the king speak the secret of his soul;
Which heard, his humble creatures shall unfold.

BELSHAZZAR, *prints to the wall.*

Be't so—Look there—behold those characters!
Nay, do not start, for I will know their meaning!
Ha! answer; speak, or instant death awaits you!
What, dumb! all dumb! where is your boasted
skill?

[They confer together.]

Keep them asunder—No confed'racy—
No secret plots to make your tales agree.
Speak, slaves, and dare to let me know the worst!

First

First ASTROLOGER.

[*They kneel.*]

O, let the king forgive his faithful servants!

Second ASTROLOGER.

O mitigate our threaten'd doom of death ;
If we declare, with mingled grief and shame,
We cannot tell the secret of the king,
Nor what these mystic characters portend !

BELSHAZZAR.

Off with their heads ! Ye shall not live an hour !
Curse on your shallow arts, your lying science !
'Tis thus you practise on the credulous world,
Who think you wise, because themselves are
weak !

But, miscreants, ye shall die ! the pow'r to punish
Is all that I have left me of a king.

First COURTIER.

Great Sir ! suspend their punishment awhile.
Behold sage Nitocris, thy royal mother !

BEL-

BELSHAZZAR.

My mother here!

Enter QUEEN.

QUEEN.

O my misguided son!
Well may'st thou wonder to behold me here:
For I have ever shunn'd this scene of riot,
Where wild Intemperance and dishonour'd Mirth
Hold festival impure. Yet, O Belshazzar!
I cou'd not hear the wonders which befel,
And leave thee to the workings of despair:
For, spite of all the anguish of my soul
At thy offences, I'm thy mother still!
Against the solemn purpose I had form'd
Never to mix in this unhallow'd crowd,
The wond'rous story of the mystic writing,
Of strange and awful import, brings me here;
If haply I may shew some likely means
To fathom this dark mystery.

BEL-

BELSHAZZAR.

Speak, O queen!

My list'ning soul shall hang upon thy words,
And prompt obedience follow them!

QUEEN.

Then hear me.
Among the captive tribes, which hither came
To grace Nebassar's triumph, there was brought
A youth nam'd Daniel, favour'd by high Heav'n
With pow'r to look into the secret page
Of dim futurity's mysterious volume.
The spirit of the holy Gods is in him;
No vision so obscure, no fate so dark,
No sentence so perplex'd, but he can solve it:
Can trace each crooked labyrinth of thought,
Each winding maze of doubt, and make it clear,
And palpable to sense. He twice explain'd
The monarch's mystic dreams. The holy seer,
Saw, with prophetic spirit, what befel
The king long after. For his wond'rous skill
He was rewarded, honour'd, and caress'd,
And with the rulers of Chaldea rank'd:
Tho' now, alas! thrown by; his services
Forgot-

Forgotten or neglected; such the meed
Which virtue finds in courts.

BELSHAZZAR.

Dispatch with speed
A message, to command the holy man
To meet us on the instant.

NITOCRIS.

I already
Have sent to ask his presence at the palace;
And, lo! he comes.

Enter DANIEL.

BELSHAZZAR.

Welcome, thrice venerable sage! approach.
Art thou that Daniel, whom my great forefather
Brought hither with the captive tribes of Judah?

DANIEL.

I am that Daniel.

BEL-

BELSHAZZAR.

Pardon, holy Prophet ;
Nor let a just resentment of thy wrongs,
And long neglected merit, shut thy heart
Against a king's request, a suppliant king !

DANIEL.

The God I worship teaches to forgive.

BELSHAZZAR.

Then let thy words bring comfort to my soul.
I've heard the spirit of the Gods is in thee ;
That thou can'st look into the fates of men,
With prescience more than human !

DANIEL.

Hold, O king !
Wisdom is from above, 'tis God's own gift.
I of myself am nothing ; but from Him
The little knowledge I possess, I hold :
To Him be all the glory !

BEL-

BELSHAZZAR.

Then, O Daniel!

If thou indeed dost boast that wond'rous gift,
That faculty divine; look there, and tell me!
O say, what mean those mystic characters?
Remove this load of terror from my soul;
And honours, such as kings can give, await thee:
Thou shalt be great beyond thy soul's ambition,
And rich above thy wildest dream of wealth:
Clad in the scarlet robe our nobles wear,
And grac'd with princely ensigns, thou shalt stand
Near our own throne, and third within our em-
pire.

DANIEL.

O mighty king! thy gifts with thee remain,
And let thy high-rewards on others fall.
The princely ensign, nor the scarlet robe,
Nor yet to be the third within thy realm,
Can touch the soul of Daniel. Honour, fame,
All that the world calls great, thy crown itself,
Cou'd never satisfy the vast ambition
Of an immortal spirit, which aspires
To an eternal crown, a crown of glory!

First

First COURTIER.

Our priests teach no such notions. [*Aside.*]

DANIEL.

Yet, O king!

Tho' all unmov'd by grandeur or by gift,
I will unfold the high decrees of Heav'n,
And strait declare the mystery.

BELSHAZZAR.

Speak, O Prophet!

DANIEL.

Prepare to hear, what kings have seldom heard;
Prepare to hear, what these have never told thee;
Prepare to hear the TRUTH. The mighty God,
Who rules the sceptres and the hearts of kings,
Gave thy renown'd *forefather here to reign,
With such extent of empire, weight of pow'r,

* Nebuchadnezzar.

And

And greatness of dominion, the wide earth
 Trembled beneath the terror of his name,
 And kingdoms stood or fell as he decreed.
 Oh! dangerous pinnacle of pow'r supreme!
 Who can stand safe upon its treach'rous top,
 Behold the gazing prostrate world below,
 Whom depth and distance into pigmies shrink,
 And not grow giddy? Babylon's great king
 Forgot he was a man, a helpless man,
 Subject to pain, and sin, and death, like others!
 But who shall fight against Omnipotence?
 Or who hath harden'd his obdurate heart
 Against the Majesty of Heav'n, and prosper'd?
 The God he had insulted was aveng'd;
 From empire, from the joys of social life,
 He drove him forth; extinguish'd reason's lamp,
 Quench'd that bright spark of deity within;
 Compell'd him, with the forest brutes to roam
 For scanty pasture; and the mountain dews
 Fell, cold and wet on his defenceless head:
 Till he confess'd—Let men, let monarchs hear!
 Till he confess'd, PRIDE WAS NOT MADE FOR
 MAN!

NITO-

NITOCRIS.

O, awful instance 'of divine displeasure!

BELSHAZZAR.

Proceed! My soul is wrapt in fix'd attention!

DANIEL.

O king! thy grandsire not in vain had sinn'd;
If, from his error, thou had'st learn't the truth.
The story of his fall thou oft hast heard,
But has it taught thee wisdom? Thou like him,
Hast been elate with pow'r, and mad with pride.
Like him, thou hast defy'd the Living God.
Nay, to bold thoughts hast added deeds more bold.
Thou hast out-wrought the pattern he bequeath'd
thee,

And quite outgone example; hast prophan'd,
With impious hand, the vessels of the Temple:
Those vessels, sanctified to holiest use,
Thou hast polluted with unhallow'd lips,
And made the instruments of foul debauch.
Thou hast ador'd the gods of wood and stone,
Vile, senseless deities, the work of hands;

But

But He, the King of Kings, and Lord of Lords,
In whom exists thy life, thy soul, thy breath,
On whom thy being hangs, thou hast deny'd.

First COURTIER.

With what an holy boldness he reproves him !
[*Aside to the others.*

Second COURTIER.

Such is the fearless confidence of virtue !
And such the righteous courage those maintain,
Who plead the cause of truth ! The smallest word
He utters, had been death to half the court.

BELSHAZZAR.

Now let the mystic writing be explain'd,
Thrice venerable sage !

DANIEL.

O mighty king !
Hear then its awful import : God has number'd
Thy days of royalty, and soon will end them.
The All-wise has weigh'd thee in the even balance
Of

*Of his own holy law, and finds thee wanting ;
And last, Thy kingdom shall be wrested from thee ;
And know, the Mede and Persian shall possess it.*

BELSHAZZAR.

[He starts up.]

Prophet, when shall this be ?

DANIEL.

In GOD's own time :
Here my commission ends ; I may not utter
More than thou hast heard ; but O ! remember,
king,
Thy days are number'd ; hear, repent, and live !

BELSHAZZAR.

Say, Prophet, what can penitence avail ?
If Heav'n's decrees immutably are fix'd,
Can pray'rs avert our fate ?

DANIEL.

They change our hearts,
And thus dispose Omnipotence to mercy.
'Tis man that alters, GOD is still the same.

Con-

Conditional are all Heav'n's covenants :

And when the uplifted thunder is with-held,
'Tis pray'r that deprecates th' impending bolt.
Good * Hezekiah's days were number'd too ;
But penitence and tears were mighty pleas ;
At Mercy's throne they never plead in vain.

[*He is going.*]

BELSHAZZAR.

Stay, Prophet, and receive thy promis'd gift :
The scarlet robe, and princely chain, are thine ;
And let my heralds publish through the land,
That Daniel stands, in dignity and pow'r,
The third in Babylon. These just rewards
Thou well may'st claim, tho' sad thy prophecy !

QUEEN.

Be not deceiv'd, my son ! nor let thy soul
Snatch an uncertain moment's treach'rous rest,
On the dread brink of that tremendous gulf
Which yawns beneath thee.

* 2 Chron. chap. xxxii. Also, Isaiah, chap. xxxviii.

DANIEL.

O unhappy king!
Know what *must* happen once, *may* happen soon.
Remember, that 'tis terrible to meet
Great evils unprepar'd! and, O Belshazzar!
In the wild moment of dismay and death,
Remember thou wast warn'd! and O! remember,
Warnings despis'd are condemnations then!

[*Exeunt Daniel and Queen.*]

BELSHAZZAR.

'Tis well—my soul shakes off its load of care:
'Tis only the obscure is terrible.
Imagination frames events unknown,
In wild fantastic shapes of hideous ruin;
And what it fears, creates!—I know the worst;
And awful is that worst, as fear could feign:
But distant are the ills, I have to dread!
What is remote may be uncertain too!
Ha! Princes! hope breaks in!—This may not
be!

First

First COURTIER.

Perhaps this Daniel is in league with Persia ;
And brib'd by Cyrus to report these horrors,
To weaken and impede the mighty plans
Of thy imperial mind !

BELSHAZZAR.

'Tis very like.

Second COURTIER.

Return we to the banquet.

BELSHAZZAR.

Dare we venture ?

Third COURTIER.

Let not this dreaming Seer disturb the king.
Against the pow'r of Cyrus, and the Mede,
Is Babylon secure. Her brazen gates
Mock all attempts to force them. Proud Eu-
phrates,
A watry bulwark, guards our ample city

I

From

From all assailants. And within the walls
Of this stupendous capital are lodg'd
Such vast provisions, such exhaustless stores,
As a twice ten years siege could never waste!

BELSHAZZAR.

[Embraces him.]

My better genius! To the banquet then!

[As they are going to resume their places at the banquet, a dreadful uproar is heard, tumultuous cries, and warlike sounds. All stand terrified. Enter soldiers, with their swords drawn, and wounded.]

SOLDIER.

Oh, helpless Babylon! Oh, wretched king!
Chaldea is no more, the Mede has conquer'd!
The victor Cyrus, like a mighty torrent,
Comes rushing on, and marks his way with ruin!

BELSHAZZAR.

Impossible! Villain and slave thou ly'st!
Euphrates and the brazen gates secure us.
While those remain, Belshazzar laughs at danger.

SOL-

SOLDIER.

Euphrates is diverted from its course,
The brazen gates are burst, the city's taken,
Thyself a pris'ner, and thy empire lost.

BELSHAZZAR.

Oh, Prophet! I remember thee too soon!

[He runs out. They follow, in the utmost confusion.]

Enter several JEWS, MEDES, and BABY-
LONIANS.

First JEW.

He comes, he comes! the long predicted prince
Cyrus! the destin'd instrument of Heav'n,
To free our captive nation, and restore
JEHOVAH's Temple! Carnage marks his way,
And conquest sits upon his plume-crown'd helm!

Second JEW.

What noise is that ?

First JEW.

Hark! 'tis Belshazzar's voice !

BELSHAZZAR.

[*Without.*

O Soldier ! spare my life, and aid my flight;
Such treasures shall reward the gentle deed,
As Persia never saw ! I'll be thy slave ;
I'll yield my crown to Cyrus, I'll adore
His Gods and thine---I'll kneel and kiss thy feet,
And worship thee---It is not much I ask---
I'll live in bondage, beggary and pain,
So thou but let me live !

SOLDIER.

Die, tyrant, die !

BELSHAZZAR.

O Daniel ! Daniel ! Daniel !

Enter

Enter SOLDIER.

SOLDIER.

Belshazzar's dead!

The wretched king breath'd out his furious soul
In that tremendous groan.

First JEW.

Belshazzar's dead!

Then, Judah! art thou free! The tyrant's fall'n!
Jerusalem, Jerusalem is free!

BELSHAZZAR.

PART III.

Enter DANIEL and JEWS.

DANIEL.

BEL boweth down *, and haughty Nebo stoops !
The idols fall ; the god and worshipper
Together fall ! together they bow down !
Each other, or themselves, they cannot save.
O, Babylon ! where is thy refuge now ?
Thy wisdom and thy knowledge, meant to save,
Pervert thee ; and thy blessing is thy bane !
Where are thy brutish deities, Chaldea ?

* Ifaiah, chap. xlv.

Where

Where are thy gods of gold?---Oh, Lord of life!
Thou very God! so fall thy foes before thee!

First JEW.

So fell beneath the terrors of thy name
The idol Chemosh, Moab's empty trust;
So Ammonitish Moloch sunk before thee;
So fell Philistine-Dragon: so shall fall,
To time's remotest period, all thy foes!

DANIEL.

Not for myself, O Judah! but for thee,
I shed these tears of joy. For I no more
Must view the cedars which adorn the brow
Of Syrian Lebanon; no more shall see
Thy pleasant stream, O Jordan! nor the flocks,
Which whiten all the mountains of Judea;
Nor Carmel's heights, nor Sharon's flow'ry vales.
I must remain in Babylon! So Heav'n,
To whose awards I bow me, has decreed.
I ne'er shall see thee, Salem! I am old;
And few, and toilsome, are my days to come.
But we shall meet in those celestial climes,
Compar'd with which created glories sink:

I 4

Where

Where sinners shall have pow'r, to harm no more,
 And martyr'd Virtue rests her weary head.
 'Tho' ere my day of promis'd grace shall come,
 I shall be try'd by perils strange and new;
 Nor shall I taste of death, so have I learn'd,
 'Till I have seen the captive tribes restor'd.

First JEW.

And shall we view, once more, thy hallow'd
 tow'rs,
 Imperial Salem?

DANIEL.

Yes, my youthful friends!
 You shall behold the second † temple rise,
 With grateful ecstasy: but we, your fires,
 Now bent with hoary age; we, whose charm'd
 eyes
 Beheld the matchless glories of the first,
 Shou'd weep, rememb'ring what we once had seen,
 That model of perfection!

† Ezra, chap. i.

Second

Second JEW.

Never more
Shall such another structure grace the earth !

DANIEL.

Well have you borne affliction, men of Judah !
Well have sustain'd your portion of distress ;
And, unrepining, drank the bitter dregs
Of adverse fortune ! Happier days await you.
O guard against the perils of success !
Prosperity dissolves the yielding soul,
And the bright Sun of shining fortune melts
The firmest virtue down. Beware, my friends,
Be greatly cautious of prosperity !
Defend your sliding hearts ; and, trembling, think
How those who buffeted affliction's waves
With vig'rous virtue, sunk in Pleasure's calm.
He *, who of special grace had been allow'd
To rear the hallow'd fane to Israel's God,

* Solomon.

By wealth corrupted, and by ease debauch'd,
Forsook the GOD to whom he rais'd the fane;
And, sunk in sensual sloth, consum'd his days,
In vile idolatrous rites!—Nor think, my sons,
That virtue in sequester'd *solitude*
Is always found. Within the inmost soul
The hidden tempter lurks; nor less betrays,
In the still, seeming safety of retreat,
Than where the treach'rous world delusive smiles.
Who thinks himself secure, is half undone;
For sin, unwatch'd, may reach the sanctuary:
No place preserves us from it. Righteous Lot
Stemm'd the strong current of corruption's tide,
Ev'n in polluted Sodom; safe he liv'd,
While circumspective Virtue's watchful eye
Was anxiously awake: but in the shade,
Far from the threat'ning perils which alarm
With visible temptation, secret sin
Ensnar'd him; in security he fell.

Second JEW.

Thy prudent counsels in our hearts shall live,
As if a pen of adamant had grav'd them.

First

First JEW.

The dawn approaches ; let us part my friends,
Secure of peace, since tyranny is fall'n ;

DANIEL.

So perish all thine enemies, O LORD !
So, mighty GOD ! shall perish all, who seek
Corrupted pleasures in the turbid waves
Of life's polluted stream ; and madly quit
The living fountain of perennial grace !

THE END.

A SACRED DRAMA.

THE LAW.

The Law appears; let us hear
The voice of peace, and let us see
The face of God.

DAVID.

So perish all thine enemies—O Lord,
So perish God! I shall perish all, who seek
Corrupted pleasures in the tangled ways
Of life's polluted stream; and madly pursue
The living fountain of perennial grace!

THE END.

DANIEL:

SACRED DRAMA.

The Righteous is delivered out of trouble, and the
Wicked cometh in his stead.

PROVERBS OF SOLOMON.

On peut des plus grands rois surprendre la justice.

Incapable de tromper,

Ils ont peine à s'échapper

Des pièges de l'artifice.

Un cœur noble ne peut soupçonner en autrui

La bassesse et la malice

Qu'il ne sent point en lui.

ESTHER. TRAGÉDIE DE RACINE.

PERSONS of the DRAMA.

DARIUS, King of **MEDIA** and **BABYLON**.

PHARNACES, } Courtiers, Enemies to
SORANUS, } **DANIEL**.

ARASPE, a young Median Lord, friend
and convert of **DANIEL**.

DANIEL.

SCENE, The City of **BABYLON**.

✶ The subject of this Drama is taken from the sixth
Chapter of the Book of the Prophet **DANIEL**.

D A N I E L.

P A R T I.

PHARNACES, SORANUS.

PHARNACES.

Y E S !—I have noted, with a jealous eye,
The pow'r of this new fav'rite ! Daniel reigns,
And not Darius ! Daniel guides the springs
Which move this mighty empire ! High he fits,
Supreme in favour both with prince and people !
Where is the spirit of our Median lords,
Tamely to crouch and bend the supple knee
To

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To

To this new god? By Mithras, 'tis too much!
 Shall great Arbaces' race to Daniel bow?
 A foreigner, a captive, and a Jew?
 Something must be devis'd, and that right soon,
 To shake his credit.

SORANUS.

Rather hope to shake
 The mountain pine, whose twisting fibres clasp
 The earth, deep rooted! Rather hope to shake
 The Scythian Taurus from his central base!
 No—Daniel sits too absolute in pow'r,
 Too firm in favour, for the keenest shaft
 Of nicely-aiming jealousy to reach him.

PHARNACES.

Rather he sits too high to sit securely.
 Hast thou then liv'd in courts? hast thou grown
 grey,
 Beneath the mask a subtil statesman wears
 To hide his secret soul, and dost not know
 That, of all fickle Fortune's transient gifts,
 Favour is most deceitful? 'Tis a beam,
 Which darts uncertain brightness for a moment!
 The

The faint, precarious, sickly shine of pow'r;
 Giv'n without merit, by caprice withdrawn.
 No trifle is so small as what obtains,
 Save that which loses it. It is a breath,
 Which hangs upon a smile! A look, a word,
 A frown, the air-built tow'r of favour shakes,
 And down the unsubstantial fabric falls!
 Darius, just and clement as he is,
 If I mistake not, may be wrought upon
 By prudent wiles, by Flattery's pleasant cup,
 Administer'd with caution.

SORANUS.

But the means?
 For Daniel's life (a foe must grant him that)
 Is so replete with goodness, so adorn'd
 With every virtue, so exactly squar'd
 By wisdom's nicest rules, that 'twere most hard
 To charge him with the shadow of offence.
 Pure is his fame, as Scythia's mountain snows,
 When not a breath pollutes them! O Pharnaces!
 I've scann'd the actions of his daily life
 With all th' industrious malice of a foe;
 And nothing meets mine eye but deeds of honour!
 In office pure; for equitable acts

Renown'd:

Renown'd : in justice and impartial truth,
The Grecian Themis is not more severe.

PHARNACES.

By yon' bright sun, thou blazon'st forth his
praise ;
As if with rapture thou didst read the page,
Where these fair deeds are written !

SORANUS.

Thou mistak'st.

I only meant to shew, what cause we have
To hate and fear him. I but meant to paint
His popular virtues, and his dang'rous merit.
Then for devotion, and religious zeal,
Who so renown'd as Daniel ? Of his law
Observant in th' extreme. Thrice ev'ry day,
With prostrate rev'rence, he adores his God :
With superstitious awe his face he turns
Tow'rds his belov'd Jerusalem ; as if
Some local, partial God might there be found
To hear his supplication. No affair
Of state ; no business so importunate ;
No pleasure so alluring ; no employ

Of

Of such high import, to seduce his zeal
From this observance due !

PHARNACES.

There, there he falls !
Enough, my friend ! His piety destroys him.
There, at the very footstool of his God,
Where he implores protection, there I'll crush
him !

SORANUS.

What means Pharnaces ?

PHARNACES.

Ask not what I mean !
The new idea floating in my brain,
Has yet receiv'd no form. 'Tis yet too soon
To give it body, circumstance, or breath.
The seeds of mighty deeds are lab'ring here,
And struggling for a birth ! 'Tis near the hour
The king is wont to summon us to council.
Ere that, this big conception of my mind

I'll

I'll shape to form and being. Thou, meanwhile,
 Convene our chosen friends ; for I shall need
 The aid of all your counsels, and the weight
 Of grave authority.

SORANUS.

Who shall be trusted ?

PHARNACES.

With our immediate motive, none, except
 A chosen band of friends, who most repine
 At Daniel's exaltation. But the scheme
 I meditate, must be disclosed to all
 Who bear high office ; all our Median rulers,
 Princes and captains, presidents and lords ;
 All must assemble ! 'Tis a common cause ;
 All but the young Araspes, he inclines
 To Daniel and his God. He sits attent,
 With ravish'd ears, to listen to his lore :
 With rev'rence names Jerusalem, and reads
 The volume of the law ! No more he bows,
 To hail the golden Ruler of the Day ;
 But looks for some great Prophet, greater far,
 So they pretend, than Mithras ! From him, there-
 fore,

Conceal

Conceal whate'er of injury is devis'd
 'Gainst Daniel. Be it too thy care to-day,
 To keep him from the council.

SORANUS.

'Tis well thought.
 'Tis now about the hour of Daniel's pray'r,
 Araspes too is with him; and to day
 They will not sit in council. Haste we then!
 Designs of high importance, once conceiv'd,
 Shou'd be accomplish'd. Genius to discern,
 And courage to atchieve, despise the aid
 Of ling'ring circumspection. The keen spirit
 Seizes the prompt occasion, and at once
 Plans and performs, resolves and executes!

DANIEL.

PART II.

SCENE DANIEL's House.

DANIEL, ARASPES.

ARASPES.

PROCEED, proceed, thrice venerable sage!
Enlighten my dark mind with this new ray,
This dawning of salvation! Tell me more
Of this expected King! this Prince of peace!
This Promise of the nations! this great Hope
Of anxious Israel! This mighty Prophet!

This

This Balm of Gilead, which shall heal the wounds
Of universal nature! this MESSIAH!
Redeemer, favour, sufferer, victim, God!

DANIEL.

Enough to animate our faith, we know,
But not enough to soothe the curious pride
Of vain philosophy! Were all reveal'd,
Hope wou'd have then no object, God no fear,
And faith no exercise! Enough to cheer
Our path we see, the rest is hid in clouds;
And Heav'n's own shadows rest upon the view!

ARASPES.

Go on, blest sage, I cou'd for ever hear,
Untir'd, thy admonition! Tell me, how
I shall obtain the favour of that God
I but begin to know.

DANIEL

By holy deeds,
By deep humility, by faith unfeign'd.
O Faith,

O Faith*, thou wonder-working principle !
 Eternal substance of our present hope,
 Thou evidence of things invisible !
 What cannot man sustain, sustain'd by thee ?
 The time wou d fail, and the bright star of day
 Wou'd quench his beams in ocean, and resign
 His empire to the silver queen of night ;
 And she again descend the steep of heav'n,
 If I shou'd tell what wonders Faith atchiev'd,
 By Gideon, Barak, and the sapient seer,
 Elkanah's son ; the pious Gileadite,
 Ill-fated Jephthah ! He of † Zorah too,
 In strength unequall'd ; and the shepherd-king,
 Who slew the giant of Gath ! Why shou'd I tell
 Of holy Prophets, who, by conquering Faith,
 Wrought deeds incredible to mortal sense ;
 Vanquish'd contending kingdoms, quell'd the rage
 Of furious pestilence, extinguish'd fire ?
 Victorious Faith ! others by thee endur'd
 Exile, disgrace, captivity, and death !
 Some, uncomplaining, bore (nor be it deem'd
 The meanest exercise of well-try'd Faith)

The

 * Hebrews, chap. xi.

† Samson.

The bitter taunts of undeserv'd reproach ;
Despising shame, that death to human pride !

ARASPES.

How shall this faith be fought ?

DANIEL.

By earnest pray'r.
Solicit first the wisdom from above,
Wisdom †, whose fruits are purity and peace !
Wisdom ! that bright intelligence, which sat
Supreme, when with his golden † compasses
Th' Eternal plann'd the fabric of the world,
Produc'd his fair idea into light,
And said, That all was good ! Wisdom, purest
beam !
The brightness of the everlasting light !
The spotless mirror of the pow'r of God !
The reflex image of th' all-imperfect mind !

† Wisdom of Solomon, chap. vii.

† See Paradise Lost, book vii. l. 225 ; also Proverbs,
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chap. viii. ver. 27.

A stream translucent, flowing from the source
Of glory infinite ; a cloudless light !
Defilement cannot touch, nor sin pollute
Her unstain'd purity ! Not Ophir's gold,
Nor Ethiopia's gems can match her price !
The diamond of the mine is pale before her !
And, like the oil Elisha's bounty bless'd,
She is a treasure which doth grow by use,
And multiply by spending ! She contains,
Within herself, the sum of excellence.
If riches are desir'd, wisdom is wealth !
If prudence, where shall keen invention find
Artificer more cunning ? If renown,
In her right-hand it comes ! If piety,
Are not her labour virtues ? If the lore
Which sage experience teaches, lo ! she scans
Antiquity's dark truths ; the past she knows,
Anticipates the future ; not by arts
Forbidden, of Chaldean forcerer ;
But from the piercing ken of deep foreknow-
ledge ;
From her sure science of the human heart ;
Weighing effects with causes, ends with means ;
And from the probable the certain forms,
With palpable conjecture !

ARASPEES.

Now, O Prophet!

Explain the secret doubts which rack my mind,
And my weak sense confound. Give me some
line

To sound the depths of Providence! O say,
Why the ungodly prosper? why their roots
Shoot deep, and their thick branches flourish fair,
Like the green bay tree? why the righteous man,
Like tender plants, to shiv'ring winds expos'd,
Is stripp'd and torn, in naked virtue bare,
And nipp'd by cruel sorrow's biting blast?
Explain, O Daniel! these mysterious ways,
To my faint apprehension! For as yet
I've much to learn. Fair Truth's immortal sun
Is sometimes hid in clouds; not that her light
Is in itself defective; but obscur'd
By my weak prejudice, imperfect Faith,
And all the thousand causes which obstruct
The growth of virtue.

DANIEL.

Follow me, Araspees!

Within, thou shalt peruse the sacred page;

K 2

The

The book of Life eternal ! there thou wilt see
The END of the ungodly ; thou wilt own
How long their shortest period ; wilt perceive
How black a night succeeds the brightest day !
Weigh well this book ; and may the Spirit of
Grace,
Who stamp'd the seal of truth on the bless'd page,
Descend into thy soul, remove thy doubts,
Clear the perplex'd, and solve the intricate,
'Till Faith be lost in sight, and Hope in joy !

D A N I E L.

P A R T III.

DARIUS *on his throne.* **PHARNACES,**
SORANUS, PRINCES, PRESI-
DENTS, and COURTIER.

PHARNACES.

O King Darius, live for ever!

DARIUS.

Welcome!

Welcome, my princes, presidents and friends!

Now tell me, has your wisdom ought devis'd

K 3

To

To serve the common-weal? In our new empire,
 Subdued Chaldea, is there ought remains
 Your prudence can suggest, to serve the state,
 To benefit the subject, to redress
 And raise the injur'd? to assist th' oppress'd,
 And humble th' oppressor? if you know,
 Speak freely, princes! Wherefore am I king,
 Except to poise the awful scale of justice
 With even hand; to minister to want,
 'To bless the nations with a lib'ral rule,
 Vicegerent of th' eternal Oromasdes!

PHARNACES.

So absolute thy wisdom, mighty king!
 All counsel were superfluous.

DARIUS.

Hold, Pharnaces!
 No flatt'ry, prince, it is the death of virtue;
 Who gives it is of all mankind the lowest,
 Save he who takes it. Monarchs are but men;
 As feeble and as frail as those they rule,
 And born, like them to die. The Lydian king,
 Unhappy Cræsus! lately sat aloft,
 Almost above mortality; now see him,

Sunk

Sunk to the vile condition of a slave,
He swells the train of Cyrus! I like him,
To mis'ry am obnoxious. See this throne;
This very throne the great * Nebassar fill'd;
Yet hence his pride expell'd him! Yonder wall,
The dread terrific writing to the eyes
Of proud Belshazzar shew'd; sad monuments
Of Heav'n's tremendous vengeance! and shall I,
Unwarn'd by such examples, cherish pride?
Yet to their dire calamities I owe
The brightest gem that glistens in my crown,
Sage Daniel. If my speech has ought of worth,
Or if my life with ought of good be grac'd,
To him alone I owe it.

SORANUS.

[Aside to Pharnaces.]

Now, Pharnaces,
Will he run o'er, and dwell upon his praise,
As if we ne'er had heard it; nay, will swell

* Nebuchadnezzar.

The nauseous catalogue with many a virtue
His own fond fancy coins.

PHARNACES.

O, great Darius!

Let thine unworthy servant's words find grace;
And meet acceptance in his royal ear,
Who subjugates the East! Let not the king
With anger hear my pray'r.

DARIUS.

Pharnaces, speak!

I know thou lov'st me; I but meant to chide
Thy flattery, not reprove thee for thy zeal.
Speak boldly, friends, as man shou'd speak to man,
Perish the barb'rous maxims of the East,
Which basely wou'd enslave the free-born mind,
And plunder it of the best gift of Heaven,
Its liberty!

PHAR-

PHARNACES.

Then, O Darius, hear me!

Thy princes, and the captains of thy bands,
Thy presidents, and the governors who rule,
Thy provinces, and I, thine humble creature
(Less than the least in merit, but in love,
In zeal, and duty, equal with the first);
We have devis'd a measure to confirm
Thy infant empire; to establish here
Thy pow'r with firm dominion, and secure
Thy growing greatness past the pow'r of change.

DARIUS.

I am prepar'd to hear thee. Speak, Pharnaces!

PHARNACES.

The wretched Babylonians long have groan'd
Beneath the rule of princes, weak or rash.
The rod of pow'r was falsely sway'd alike,
By feeble Merodach, and fierce Belsazzar.
One let the slacken'd reins too loosely float
Upon the people's neck, and lost his pow'r.

By nerveless relaxation. He, who follow'd,
 Held with a tyrant's hand the cruel curb,
 And check'd the groaning nation till it bled.
 On diff'rent rocks, they met one common ruin.
 Their edicts were irresolute, their laws
 Were feebly plann'd, their councils ill-advis'd;
 Now so relax'd, and now so overstrain'd,
 That the tir'd people, wearied with the weight
 They long have borne, will soon disdain controul,
 Tread on all rule, and spurn the hand that guides
 'em.

DARIUS.

But say what remedy?

PHARNACES.

That too, O king!
 Thy servants have provided. Hitherto
 They bear the yoke submissive. But to fix
 Thy pow'r and their obedience; to reduce
 All hearts to thy dominion, yet avoid
 Those deeds of cruelty thy nature starts at—
 Thou shou'd'st begin with some imperial act
 Of absolute dominion, yet unstain'd
 By ought of barbarous. For know, O king!
 Whole-

Wholefome severity, if wisely rul'd
 With sober discipline, procures respect
 More than the lenient counfels and weak measures
 Of frail irresolution.

DARIUS.

Now proceed
 To thy request.

PHARNACES.

Not I, but all request it.
 Be thy imperial edict issued strait,
 And let a firm decree be this day pass'd,
 Irrevocable, as our Median laws
 Ordain, that for the space of thirty days,
 No subject in thy realm shall ought request
 Of God, or man, except of thee, O king!

DARIUS.

Wherefore this strange decree?

PHARNACES.

'Twill fix the crown
 With lasting safety on thy royal brow;

And

And by a bloodless means preserve th' obedience
 Of this new empire. Think how much 'twill raise
 Thy high renown! 'Twill make thy name rever'd,
 And popular beyond example. What!
 To be as Heav'n dispensing good and ill
 For thirty days! With thine own ears to hear
 Thy people's wants, with thine own lib'ral hands
 To bless thy suppliant subjects! O, Darius!
 Thou'lt seem as bounteous as a giving God!
 And reign in ev'ry heart in Babylon,
 As well as Media. What a glorious state,
 To be the blessed arbiter of good;
 The first efficient cause of happiness!
 To scatter mercies with a plenteous hand,
 And to be blest thyself in blessing others!

DARIUS.

Is this the gen'ral wish?

[*The Princes and Courtiers kneel.*]

Chief PRESIDENT.

Of one, of all.

Behold thy princes, presidents, and lords,
 Thy counsellors, and captains! See, O king!

[*Presenting the Edict.*]

Behold

Behold the instrument our zeal has drawn :
 The edict is prepar'd. We only wait
 The confirmation of thy gracious word,
 And thy imperial signet.

DARIUS.

Say, Pharnaces,
 What penalty awaits the man who dares
 Transgress our mandate ?

PHARNACES.

Instant death, O king !
 This statute says, " Shou'd any subject dare
 " Petition for the space of thirty days,
 " Of God, or man, except of thee, O king !
 " He shall be thrown into yon' dreadful den
 " Of hungry lions !"

DARIUS.

Hold ! Methinks a deed
 Of such importance shou'd be wisely weigh'd.

PHAR-

PHARNACES.

We have revolv'd it mighty king, with care,
With closest scrutiny.

DARIUS.

I'm satisfy'd.

Then to your wisdom I commit me, princes!
Behold the royal signet, see, 'tis done!

PHARNACES.

[*Aside.*

There Daniel fell! That signet seal'd his doom!

DARIUS.

Let me reflect!—sure I have been too rash!
Why such intemperate haste? But you are wise;
And wou'd not counsel this severe decree
But for the wisest purpose. Yet, methinks,
I might have weigh'd, and in my mind revolv'd
This statute, ere, the royal signet stamp'd,
It had been past repeal! Sage Daniel too!
My counsellor, my venerable friend,

He

He shou'd have been consulted; for his wisdom
I still have found oracular.

PHARNACES.

Mighty king !

'Tis as it shou'd be ! The decree is past
Irrevocable, as the stedfast law
Of Mede and Persian, which can never change.
Those who observe it live, as is most meet,
High in thy grace ; who violate it, die.

D A N I E L.

P A R T IV.

S C E N E, DANIEL'S House.

DANIEL, ARASPES.

ARASPES.

OH, holy Daniel! prophet, father, friend!
I come, the wretched messenger of ill!
Thy foes complot thy death. For what can mean
This new-made law, extorted from the king,
Almost by force? What can it mean, O Daniel!
But

But to involve thee in the toils they spread
To snare thy precious life?

DANIEL.

How I was the king

Consenting to this edict?

ARASPES.

They surpris'd

His easy nature; took him when his heart
Was soften'd by their blandishments! They wore
The mask of public virtue to deceive him.
Beneath the specious name of gen'ral good,
They wrought him to their purposes: no time
Allow'd him to deliberate. One short hour,
Another moment, and his soul had gain'd
Her natural tone of virtue.

DANIEL.

That great Pow'r

Who suffers evil, only to produce
Some unseen good, permits that it shou'd be:
And, HE permitting, I, well pleas'd resign!

Retire,

Retire, my friend! This is my second hour
 Of daily pray'r. Anon we'll meet again!
 Here, in the open face of that bright sun
 Thy fathers worshipp'd, will I offer up,
 As is my rule, petition to our God,
 For thee, for me, for Solyma, for all!

ARASPES.

Oh, stay! what mean'st thou! sure thou hast
 not heard
 The edict of the king? I thought, but now,
 Thou knew'st its purport. It expressly says,
 That no petition henceforth shall be made,
 For thirty days, save only to the king;
 Nor pray'r nor intercession shall be heard
 Of any God, or man, but of Darius.

DANIEL.

And think'st thou then my rev'rence for the king,
 Good as he is, shall tempt me to renounce
 My sworn allegiance to the King of kings?
 Hast thou commanded legions, tempted death
 In various shapes, and shrink'st at danger now?
 Come, learn of me; I'll teach thee to be bold,
 Tho' sword I never drew! Fear not, Araspes,

The

The feeble vengeance of a mortal man,
Whose breath is in his nostrils; for wherein
Is he to be accounted of? but fear
The awaken'd vengeance of the living LORD;
He who can plunge the everlasting soul
In infinite perdition!

ARASPES.

Then, O Daniel!
If thou persist to disobey the edict,
Retire, and hide thee from the prying eyes
Of busy malice!

DANIEL.

He who is ashamed
To vindicate the honour of his God,
Of him the living LORD shall be ashamed,
When he shall judge the tribes!

ARASPES.

Yet, O remember,
Oft have I heard thee say, the secret heart
Is fair Devotion's temple; there the faint,
Ev'n on that living altar, lights the flame
Of purest sacrifice, which burns unseen,

Not

Not unaccepted.—I remember too,
 When Syrian Naaman*, by Elisha's hand,
 Was cleans'd from foul pollution, and his mind,
 Enlighten'd by a miracle, confess'd
 The Almighty God of Jacob, that he deem'd it
 No flagrant violation of his faith,
 To bend at Rimmon's shrine; nor did the Seer
 Forbid the rite external.

DANIEL.

Know, Araspes,
 Heaven deigns to suit our trials to our strength!
 A recent convert, feeble in his faith,
 Naaman, perhaps, had sunk beneath the weight
 Of so severe a duty. But shall I,
 Shall Daniel, shall the servant of the Lord,
 A vet'ran in his cause; one train'd to know,
 And do his will; one exercis'd in woe,
 Bred in captivity, and born to suffer;
 Shall I, from known, from certain duty shrink
 To shun a threaten'd danger? O, Araspes!
 Shall I, advanced in age, in zeal decline?

* 2 Kings, chap. v.

A SACRED DRAMA. 213

Grow careless as I reach my journey's end?
And slacken in my pace, the goal in view!
Perish discretion, when it interferes
With duty! Perish the safe policy
Of human wit, where God's eternal name
Is put in competition! Shall his law
Be set at nought, that I may live at ease?
How wou'd the heathen triumph, shou'd I fall
Thro' coward fear! How wou'd God's enemies
Insultingly blaspheme!

ARASPES.

Yet think a moment.

DANIEL

No!—

Where evil may be *done*, 'tis right to ponder;
Where only *suffer'd*, know the shortest pause
Is much too long. Had great Darius paus'd,
This ill had been prevented. But for me,
Araspes! to deliberate is to sin.

ARASPES.

ARASPES.

Think of thy pow'r, thy favour with Darius;
Think of thy life's importance to the tribes,
Scarce yet return'd in safety. Live! O, live!
To serve the cause of God!

DANIEL.

God will sustain
Himself his righteous cause. He knows to raise
Fit instruments to serve him. As for me,
The spacious earth holds not a bait to tempt me.
What wou'd it profit me, if I shou'd gain
Imperial Ecbatan, th' extended land
Of fruitful Media, nay the world's wide round,
If my eternal soul must be the price?
Farwell, my friend! time presses. I have stol'n
Some moments from my duty, to confirm,
And strengthen thy young faith! Let us fulfil
What Heav'n enjoins, and leave to Heav'n th'
event!

D A N I E L.

P A R T V.

Scene. The PALACE.

PHARNACES, SORANUS.

PHARNACES.

'TIS done——success has crown'd our scheme,
Soranus;
And Daniel falls into the deep-laid toils
Our prudence spread,

SORANUS.

That he shou'd fall so soon,
Astonishes ev'n me! What! not a day,

No,

No, not a single moment to defer
 His rash devotions? Madly thus to rush
 On certain peril quite transcends belief!
 When happen'd it, Pharnaces?

PHARNACES.

On the instant:
 Scarce is the deed accomplish'd. As he made
 His ostentatious pray'r, ev'n in the face
 Of the bright God of day, all Babylon
 Beheld the insult offered to Darius.
 For, as in bold defiance of the law,
 His windows were not clos'd. Our chosen bands,
 Whom we had plac'd to note him, strait rush'd in,
 And seiz'd him in the warmth of his blind zeal.
 Ere half his pray'r was finish'd. Young Araspes,
 With all the wild extravagance of grief,
 Prays, weeps, and threatens. Daniel silent stands,
 With patient resignation, and prepares
 To follow them.—But see! the king approaches!

SORANUS.

How's this? deep sorrow fits upon his brow!
 And stern resentment fires his angry eye!

DARIUS,

DARIUS, PHARNACES, SORANUS.

DARIUS.

O, deep-laid stratagem! O, artful wile!
 To take me unprepar'd! to wound my heart,
 Ev'n where it feels most tenderly, in friendship!
 To stab my fame! to hold me up a mark
 To future ages, for the perjur'd prince,
 Who slew the friend he lov'd! O Daniel! Daniel!
 Who now shall trust Darius? Not a slave
 Within my empire, from the Indian main
 To the cold Caspian, but is more at ease
 Than I, his monarch! I have done a deed
 Will blot my honour with eternal stain!
 Pharnaces! O, thou hoary sycophant!
 Thou wily politician! thou hast snar'd
 Thy unsuspecting master!

PHARNACES.

Great Darius!
 Let not resentment blind thy royal eyes.
 In what am I to blame? who cou'd foresee
 This obstinate resistance to the law?

L

Who

Who cou'd foresee that Daniel wou'd, perforce,
Oppose the king's decree?

DARIUS.

Thou, thou foresaw'st it!
'Thou knew'st his righteous soul wou'd ne'er en-
dure
So long an interval of pray'r. But I,
Deluded king! 'Twas I shou'd have foreseen
His stedfast piety. I shou'd have thought,
Your earnest warmth had some more selfish source,
Something that touch'd you nearer, than your love,
Your counterfeited zeal for me.—Thou knew'st
How dear I held him; how I priz'd his truth!
Did I not chuse him from a subject world,
Unblest'd by fortune, and by birth ungrac'd,
A captive and a Jew? and yet I lov'd him!
Was he not rich in independent worth?
There, there he fell! If he had been less great,
He had been safe. Thou cou'dst not bear his
brightness;
The lustre of his virtues quite obscur'd,
And dimm'd thy fainter merit. Rash old man!
Go, and devise some means to set me free
From this dread load of guilt! Go, set at work
Thy

Thy plotting genius to redeem the life
Of venerable Daniel!

PHARNACES.

'Tis too late.

He has offended 'gainst the new decree;
Has dar'd to make petition to his God,
Altho' the dreadful sentence of the act
Full well he knew. And by th' establish'd law
Of Media, by that law irrevocable,
Which he has dar'd to violate, he dies!

DARIUS.

Impiety! presumption! monstrous pride!—
Irrevocable? Is there ought on earth
Deserves that name? Th' eternal laws alone
Of Oromasdes claim it. But alas!
All human projects are so faintly fram'd,
So feebly fram'd, so liable to change,
So mix'd with error in their very form,
That mutable and mortal are the same.
But where is Daniel? Wherefore comes he not
To load me with reproaches? to upbraid me

L 2

With

With all the wrongs my barb'rous haste has done
him!
Where is he?

PHARNACES.

He prepares to meet his fate.
This hour he dies, for so the act decrees.

DARIUS.

Suspend the bloody sentence! Bring him hither!
Or rather let me seek him, and implore
His dying pardon, and his parting pray'r.

D A N I E L.

P A R T VI.

S C E N E, DANIEL'S House.

DANIEL, ARASPES.

ARASPES.

STILL let me follow thee; still let me hear
The voice of Wisdom, ere the silver cord
By Death's cold hand be loosen'd.

DANIEL.

Now I'm ready!
No grief; no woman's weakness, good Araspes!
L 3 Thou

Thou shou'dst rejoice my pilgrimage is o'er,
And the blest haven of repose in view.

ARASPES.

And must I lose thee, Daniel? must thou die?

DANIEL.

And what is death, my friend, that I shou'd fear
it?

To die! why 'tis to triumph; 'tis to join
The great assembly of the good and just;
Immortal worthies, heroes, prophets, saints!
Oh! 'tis to join the band of holy men,
Made perfect by their suff'rings! 'Tis to meet
My great progenitors! 'tis to behold
Th' illustrious Patriarchs; they, with whom the

LORD

Deign'd hold familiar converse! 'Tis to see
Bless'd Noah and his children, once a world!
'Tis to behold (oh! rapture to conceive!)
Those we have known, and lov'd, and lost, below!
Bold Azariah, and the band of brothers,
Who fought, in bloom of youth, the scorching
flames!

Nor is it to behold heroic men

Alone

Alone, who fought the fight of faith on earth;
 But heav'nly conquerors, angelic hosts,
 Michael and his bright legions, who subdued
 The foes of Truth! To join their blest employ
 Of love and praise! To the high melodies
 Of choirs celestial to attune my voice,
 Accordant to the golden harps of saints!
 To join in bless'd hosannahs to their King!
 Whose face to see, whose glory to behold,
 Alone were heav'n, tho' saint or seraph none
 There were beside, and only He were there!
 This is to die! who wou'd not die for this?
 Who wou'd not die, that he might live for ever?

DARIUS, DANIEL, ARASPES.

DARIUS.

Where is he? where is Daniel? Let me see

him!

Let me embrace that venerable form,
 Which I have doom'd to glut the greedy maw
 Of furious lions!

L 4

DANIEL.

DANIEL.

King Darius, hail!

DARIUS.

O injur'd Daniel! can I see thee thus?
 Thus uncomplaining? can I bear to hear
 That when the ruffian ministers of death
 Stopp'd thy unfinish'd pray'r, thy pious lips
 Had just invok'd a blessing on Darius,
 On him who sought thy life? Thy murd'ers dropt
 Tears of strange pity. Look not on me thus,
 With mild beniginity! Oh! I cou'd bear
 The voice of keen reproach, or the strong flash
 Of fierce resentment; but I cannot stand
 That touching silence, nor that patient eye
 Of meek respect!

DANIEL

Thou art my master still.

DARIUS.

I am thy murd'rer! I have sign'd thy death!

DANIEL.

DANIEL.

I know thy bent of soul is honourable :
 Thou hast been gracious still ! Had it been other-
 wise,
 I wou'd have met th' appointment of high Heav'n
 With humble acquiescence ; but to know,
 Thy will concurr'd not with thy servant's fate,
 Adds joy to resignation.

DARIUS.

Here I swear,
 By him who sits inthron'd in yon bright sun,
 Thy blood shall be aton'd ! On these, thy foes,
 Thou shalt have ample vengeance.

DANIEL.

Hold, O king !
 Vengeance is mine, th' eternal LORD has said ;
 And I will recompense, with even hand,
 The sinner for the sin. The wrath of man
 Works not the righteousness of God.

L 5

DARIUS.

DARIUS.

I had hop'd

We shou'd have trod this busy stage together,
A little longer; then have sunk to rest,
In honourable age! Who now shall guide
My shatter'd bark in safety? who shall now
Direct me? O, unhappy state of kings!
'Tis well the robe of majesty is gay,
Or who wou'd put it on? A crown! what is it?
It is to bear the mis'ries of a people!
To hear their murmurs, feel their discontents,
And sink beneath a load of splendid care!
To have your best success ascrib'd to Fortune,
And Fortune's failures all ascrib'd to you!
It is to sit upon a joyless height,
To ev'ry blast of changing fate expos'd!
Too high for hope! too great for happiness!
For friendship too much fear'd! To all the joys
Of social freedom, and th' endearing charm
Of lib'ral interchange of soul unknown!
Fate meant me an exception to the rest,
And, tho' a monarch, blest'd me with a friend;
And I—have murder'd him!

DANIEL.

DANIEL.

My hour approaches!
 Hate not my mem'ry, king, protect Araspes.
 Encourage Cyrus in the holy work
 Of building ruin'd Solyma. Farewell!

DARIUS.

With most religious strictness I'll fulfil
 Thy last request. Araspes shall be next
 My throne and heart. Farewell! [*They embrace.*]

Hear, future kings!

Ye unborn rulers of the nations, hear!
 Learn from my crime, from my misfortune learn,
 Never to trust to weak, or wicked hands,
 That delegated pow'r, which Oromasdes
 Invests in monarchs for the public good.

DANIEL.

PART VII.

SCENE, The Court of the Palace.

[The Sun rising.]

DARIUS, ARASPES.

DARIUS.

OH, good Araspes ! what a night of horror !
To me the dawning day brings no return
Of cheerfulness or peace ! No balmy sleep
Has seal'd these eyes, no nourishment has pass'd
These loathing lips, since Daniel's fate was sign'd !
Hear

Hear what my fruitless penitence resolves—
 The thirty days my rashness had decreed
 The edict's force shou'd last, I will devote
 To mourning and repentance, fasting, pray'r,
 And all due rites of grief. For thirty days,
 No pleasant sound of dulcimer or harp,
 Sackbut, or flute, or psalt'ry shall charm
 My ear, now dead to ev'ry note of joy!

ARASPES.

My grief can know no period!

DARIUS.

See that den!

There Daniel met the furious lions' rage!
 There were the patient martyr's mangled limbs
 Torn piece-meal! Never hide thy tears, Araspes;
 'Tis virtuous sorrow, unallay'd like mine
 By guilt and fell remorse! Let us approach.
 Who knows but that dread Pow'r, to whom he
 pray'd
 So often and so fervently, has heard him!

[He goes to the mouth of the den.]

O, Daniel, servant of the living God!

HE

He whom thou hast serv'd so long, and lov'd so
 well,
 From the devouring lions' famish'd jaw,
 Can he deliver thee?

DANIEL.

[*From the bottom of the den.*]

He can, he has!

DARIUS.

Methought, I heard him speak!

ARASPES.

O, wond'rous force
 Of strong imagination! were thy voice
 Loud as the trumpet's blast, it cou'd not wake him,
 From that eternal sleep!

DANIEL.

[*In the den.*]

Hail! king Darius!
 The God I serve has shut the lions' mouth,
 To vindicate my innocence.

DARIUS.

DARIUS.

He speaks !

He lives !

ARASPES.

'Tis no illusion : 'tis the sound
Of his known voice.

DARIUS.

Where are my servants ? haste,
Fly swift as light'ning, free him from the den,
Release him, bring him hither ! Break the seal
Which keeps him from me ! See, Araspes ! look !
See the charm'd lions !—Mark their mild demean-
nor ;
Araspes, mark !—they have no pow'r to hurt him !
See how they hang their heads, and smoothe their
fierceness,
At his mild aspect !

ARASPES.

Who that sees this sight,
Who that in after-times shall hear this told,
Can doubt if Daniel's God be GOD indeed ?

DARIUS.

DARIUS.

None, none, Araspes!

ARASPES.

Ah! he comes; he comes!

Enter DANIEL, followed by a multitude.

DANIEL.

Hail, great Darius!

DARIUS.

Dost thou live indeed?

And live unhurt?

ARASPES.

O, miracle of joy!

DARIUS.

I scarce can trust my eyes! How didst thou
'scape?

DANIEL.

DANIEL.

That bright and glorious Being, who vouch-
saf'd

Presence divine, when the three martyr'd brothers
Effay'd the caldron's flame, supported me!
Ev'n in the furious lions' dreadful den,
The prisoner of hope, ev'n there I turn'd
To the strong hold, the bulwark of my strength,
Ready to hear, and mighty to redeem!

DARIUS. [*To Araspes.*]

Where is Pharnaces? Take the hoary traitor;
Take too Soranus, and the chief abettors
Of this dire edict! Let not one escape.
The punishment their deep-laid hate devis'd
For holy Daniel, on their heads shall fall
With ten-fold vengeance. To the lions' den
I doom his vile accusers! All their wives,
Their children too, shall share one common fate!
Take care that none escape.—Go, good Araspes.

DANIEL.

[*Araspes goes out.*]

Not so, Darius.
O spare the guiltless; spare the guilty too!
Where sin is not, to punish were unjust;

And

And where sin is, O king ! there fell remorse
Supplies the place of punishment !

DARIUS.

No more !
My word is past ! Not one request, save this,
Shalt thou e'er make, in vain, Approach, my
friends,
Araspes has already spread the tale,
And see, what crowds advance.

PEOPLE,

Long live Darius !
Long live great Daniel too, the people's friend !

DARIUS.

Draw near, my subjects. See this holy man !
Death had no pow'r to harm him. Yon fell band
Of famish'd lions, soften'd at his sight,
Forgot their nature, and grew tame before him.
The mighty God protects his servants thus !
The righteous thus he rescues from the snare
Of death ; while fraud's artifice shall fall

In

In the deep gulf his wily arts devise,
To snare the innocent!

COURTIER.

To the same den
Araſpes bears Pharnaces and his friends;
Fall'n in their insolence! With pray'rs and tears,
And all the meanness of high-crested pride,
When adverse fortune frowns, they beg for life.
Araſpes will not hear. "You heard not me,
He cries, when I for Daniel's life implor'd;
His God protected him! see now, if yours
Will listen to, your cries?"

DARIUS.

Now hear,
People and nations! languages and realms,
O'er whom I rule! Peace be within your walls!
That I may banish from the minds of men
The rash decree gone out; hear me resolve
To counteract its force by one more just.
In ev'ry kingdom of my wide-stretch'd realm,
From fair Chaldea to the extremest bound
Of northern Media, be my edict sent,

And

And this my statute known. My heralds haste,
 And spread my royal mandate thro' the land,
 That all my subjects bow the ready knee
 To Daniel's GOD—for he alone is LORD.
 Let all adore, and tremble at his name,
 Who sits in glory unapproachable
 Above the heav'ns—above the heav'n of heav'ns!
 His pow'r is everlasting; and his throne,
 Founded in equity and truth, shall last
 Beyond the bounded reign of time and space,
 Thro' wide eternity! With his right-arm
 He saves, and who opposes? He defends,
 And who shall injure? In the perilous den
 He rescu'd Daniel from the lion's mouth!
 His common deeds are wonders, and his works
 One ever-during chain of miracles!

Enter ARASPES.

ARASPES.

All hail, O king! Darius live for ever!
 May all thy foes be as Pharnaces is!

DARIUS.

Araspes, speak!

ARASPES.

ARASPES.

O, let me spare the tale !—
'Tis full of horror ! Dreadful was the fight !
The hungry lions, greedy for their prey,
Devour'd the wretched princes, ere they reach'd
The bottom of the den.

DARIUS.

Now, now confess,
'Twas some superior hand restrain'd their rage,
And tam'd their furious appetites.

PEOPLE.

'Tis true !
The God of Daniel is a mighty God !
He saves, and he destroys.

ARASPES.

O, friend ! O, Daniel !
No wav'ring doubts can ever more disturb
My settled faith.

DANIEL.

DANIEL

To God be all the glory!

THE END.

REFLECTIONS
OF
KING HEZEKIAH.
IN HIS SICKNESS.

Set thine house in order, for thou shalt die.

ISAIAH xxxviii.

THE HISTORY OF THE

REIGN OF

CHARLES THE FIRST

BY JOHN BURNET

OF

KING HENRY

IN HIS

THIRD

PART

REFLECTIONS
OF
KING HEZEKIAH,
IN HIS SICKNESS.

WHAT, and no more?--Is this my soul, said I,
My whole of being?—Must I surely die?
Be robb'd at once of health, of strength, of time,
Of youth's fair promise, and of pleasure's prime?
Shall I no more behold the face of morn,
The cheerful day-light, and the spring's return?
Must I the festive bow'r, the banquet leave,
For the dull chambers of the darksome grave?

M

Have

Have I consider'd what it is to die ?
In native dust with kindred worms to lie ;
To sleep in cheerless cold neglect ; to rot ;
My body loath'd, my very name forgot !
Not one of all those parasites, who bend
The supple knee, their monarch to attend !
What, not one friend ! No, not an hireling slave,
Shall hail *Great HEZEKIAH* in the grave !
Where's he, who falsely claim'd the name of *Great* ?
Whose eye was terror, and whose frown was fate ;
Who aw'd an hundred nations from the throne ?
See where he lies, dumb, friendless, and alone !
Which grain of dust proclaims the noble birth ?
Which is the royal particle of earth ?
Where are the marks, the princely ensigns where ?
Which is the slave, and which great David's heir ?
Alas ! the beggar's ashes are not known
From his, who lately sat on Israel's throne !

How stands my great account ? My soul, survey
The debt *Eternal Justice* bids thee pay !
Shou'd I frail Memory's records strive to blot,
Will Heav'n's tremendous reck'ning be forgot ?
Can I, alas ! the awful volume tear ?
Or raze one page of the dread register ?

“ *Prepare*

“ *Prepare thy house, thy heart in order set;*
 “ *Prepare, the Judge of Heav’n and Earth to meet.*”
 So spake the warning Prophet.—Awful words !
 Which fearfully my troubled soul records.
Am I prepar’d ? and *can* I meet my doom,
 Nor shudder at the dreaded wrath to come ?
Is all in order set, my house, my heart ?
 Does no besetting sin still claim a part ?
 Does no one cherish’d vice, with ling’ring pace,
 Reluctant leave me to the work of grace ?
 Did I each day for this great day prepare,
 By righteous deeds, by sin-subduing pray’r ?
 Did I each night, each day’s offence repent,
 And each unholy thought and word lament ?
 Still have these ready hands th’ afflicted fed,
 And ministred to Want her daily bread ?
 The cause, I knew not, did I well explore ?
 Friend, advocate, and parent of the poor ?
 Did I, to gratify some sudden gust
 Of thoughtless appetite; some impious lust
 Of pleasure or of power, such sums employ
 As would have crown’d pale penury with joy ?
 Did I in groves forbidden altars raise,
 Or molten Gods adore, or idols praise ?
 Did my firm faith to Heav’n still point the way ?
 Did charity to man my actions sway ?

Did meek-ey'd Patience all my steps attend?
 Did gen'rous Candor mark me for her friend?
 Did I unjustly seek to build my name
 On the pil'd ruins of another's fame?
 Did I, like hell, abhor th' insidious lie,
 The low deceit, th' unmanly calumny?
 Did my fix'd soul the impious wit detest?
 Did my firm virtue scorn th' unhallow'd jest?
 The sneer profane, and the poor ridicule
 Of shallow Infidelity's dull school?
 Did I still live as born one day to die,
 And view th' eternal world with constant eye?

If so I liv'd, if so I kept thy word,
 In mercy view, in mercy hear me, LORD!
 My holiest deeds *indulgence* will require,
 The best but to *forgiveness* will aspire;
 If Thou my purest services regard,
 'Twill be with pardon only, not reward!

How imperfection's stamp'd on all below!
 How sin intrudes on all we say or do!
 How late in all the insolence of health,
 I charm'd th' Assyrian * by my boast of wealth!

* This is an anachronism. Hezekiah did not shew
 his treasures to the Assyrian 'till after his recovery
 from his sickness.

How fondly, with elab'rate pomp, display'd
My glitt'ring treasures ! with what triumph laid
My gold and gems before his dazzled eyes,
And found a rich reward in his surprise !
O, mean of soul ! can wealth elate the heart,
Which of the man himself is not a part ?
O, poverty of pride ! O, foul disgrace !
Disgusted reason, blushing, hides her face.
Mortal, and proud ! strange contradicting terms !
Pride for Death's victim, for the prey of worms !
Of all the wonders which th' eventful life
Of man presents ; of all the mental strife
Of warring passions ; all the raging fires
Of furious appetites, and mad desires,
Not one so strange appears as this alone,
That man is proud of what is not his own.

How short is human life ! the very breath,
Which frames my words, accelerates my death.
Of this short life how large a portion's fled !
To what is gone I am already dead ;
As dead to all my years and minutes past,
As I, to what remains, shall be at last.
Can I my cares and pains so far forget,
To view my vanish'd years with fond regret ?
Can I again my worn-out fancy cheat ?
Indulge fresh hope ? solicit new deceit ?

Of all the vanities weak man admires,
 Which greatness gives, or sanguine youth desires,
 Of these, my soul, which hast thou not enjoy'd?
 With each, with all, thy sated pow'rs are cloy'd.
 What can I then expect from length of days?
 More wealth, more wisdom, pleasure, health,
 or praise?

More pleasure! hope not that, deluded king!
 For when did age increase of pleasure bring?
 Is health, of years prolong'd the common boast?
 And dear-earn'd praise, is it not cheaply lost?
 More wisdom! that indeed were happiness;
 That were a wish a king might well confess:
 But when did Wisdom covet length of days;
 Or seek its bliss in pleasure, wealth, or praise?
 No:—Wisdom views with an indifferent eye
 All finite joys, all blessings born to die.
 The soul on earth is an immortal guest,
 Compell'd to starve at an unreal feast:
 A spark, which upward tends by nature's force;
 A stream, diverted from its parent source;
 A drop dissever'd from the boundless sea;
 A moment, parted from eternity;
 A pilgrim panting for the rest to come;
 An exile, anxious for his native home.

Why

Why should I ask my forfeit life to save?
Is Heav'n unjust, which dooms me to the grave?
Was I with hope of endless days deceiv'd?
Or of lov'd life am I alone bereav'd?
Let all the great, the rich, the learn'd, the wise,
Let all the shades of Judah's monarchs rise;
And say, if genius, learning, empire, wealth,
Youth, beauty, virtue, strength, renown, or health,
Has once revers'd th' immutable decree
On Adam pass'd, of man's mortality?
What — have these eyes ne'er seen the felon worm
The damask cheek devour, the finish'd form?
On the pale rose of blasted beauty fed,
And riot on the lip so lately red?
Where are our fathers? Where th' illustrious line
Of holy prophets, and of men divine?
Live they for ever? Do they shun the grave?
On when did Wisdom its professor save?
When did the brave escape? When did the breath
Of Eloquence charm the dull ear of Death?
When did the cunning argument avail,
The polish'd period, or the varnish'd tale;
The eye of lightning, or the soul of fire,
Which thronging thousands crowded to admire?
Ev'n while we praise the verse, the poet dies;
And silent as his lyre great David lies.

Thou, blest Isaiah! who, at GOD's command,
Now speak'st repentance to a guilty land,
Must die! as wise and good thou hadst not been,
As Nebat's son who taught the land to sin!

And shall *I* then be spar'd? O monstrous pride!
Shall I escape, when Solomon has died?
If all the worth of all the saints was vain—
Peace, peace, my troubled soul, nor dare complain!

LORD! I submit. Complete thy gracious will!
For if Thou slay me *, I will trust Thee still.
O be my will so swallow'd up in thine,
That I may do *thy* will in doing *mine*.

• Job.

THE END.

SENSIBILITY:

A

POETICAL EPISTLE

TO THE

HON. MRS. BOSCAWEN.

Spirits are not finely touch'd
But to fine issues——— SHAKESPEARE.

The following little Poem was sent several years ago,
as an Epistle, to the honoured Friend to whom it is
inscribed. It has since been enlarged; and several
passages have been added, or altered, as circum-
stances required.

S E N S I B I L I T Y:

POETICAL EPISTLE

TO THE

HON. MRS. BOSCAWEN.

ACCEPT, *Boscawen!* these unpolish'd lays,
Nor blame too much the verse you cannot praise.
For you far other bards have wak'd the string;
Far other bards for you were wont to sing.
Yet on the gale their parting music steals,
Yet, your charm'd ear the lov'd impression feels.
You heard the lyres of *Lyttelton* and *Young*;
And this a *Grace*, and that a *Seraph* strung.

These

These are no more!—But not with these decline
 The Attic chasteness, and the flame divine.
 Still, *sad* * *Elfrida's Poet* shall complain,
 And either *Warton* breathe his classic strain.
 Nor fear lest genuine poesy expire,
 While tuneful *Beattie* wakes old *Spenser's* lyre.
 His sympathetic lay his soul reveals,
 And paints the perfect *Bard* from what he feels.

Illustrious *Lowth* †! for him the muses wove,
 The fairest garland from their greenest grove.
 Tho' Latian bards had gloried in his name,
 When in full brightness burnt the Latian flame;
 Yet, fir'd with nobler hopes than transient Bays,
 He scorn'd the meed of perishable praise;
 Spurn'd the cheap wreath by human science won,
 Borne on the wing sublime of *Amos' son*:
 He seiz'd his mantle as the prophet flew,
 And with his mantle caught his spirit too.

To snatch bright beauty from devouring fate,
 And bid it boast with him a deathless date;
 To shew how Genius fires, how Taste restrains,
 While what both are his pencil best explains,

* Milton calls *Euripides*—*Sad Electra's Poet*.

† The Bishop of London.

Have we not *Reynolds* *? Lives not *Jennys* yet,
 To prove his lowest title was a Wit?
 Tho' purer flames thy hallow'd zeal inspire
 Than e'er were kindled at the Muse's fire;
 Thee, mitred † *Chester*! all the Nine shall boast:
 And is not *Johnson* theirs, himself an host?

Yes:—still for you your gentle stars dispense
 The charm of friendship, and the feast of sense,
 Yours is the bliss, and Heav'n no dearer sends,
 To call the wisest, brightest, best—your friends.

With *Carter* trace the wit to Athens known,
 Or find in *Montagu* that wit our own.
 Or, pleas'd, attend *Chapone's* instructive page;
 Which charms her own, and forms the rising age.
 Or boast in *Walsingham* the various pow'r,
 To soothe the lonely, grace the letter'd hour;
 To polish'd life its highest charm she gives,
 Whose song is music, and whose canvass lives.
Delany shines, in worth serenely bright,
 Wisdom's strong ray, and Virtue's milder light;

* See his Discourses to the Academy.

† See the Bishop's admirable Poem on Death.

And

And she who blest'd the friend, and grac'd the page
Of *Swift*, still lends her lustre to our age:
Long, long protract thy light, O star benign!
Whose setting beams with added brightness shine!

O, much lov'd *Barbauld*! shall my heart refuse
Its tribute to thy Virtues and thy Muse?

While round thy brow the Poet's wreath I twine,
This humble merit shall at least be mine,
In all thy praise to take a gen'rous part;
Thy laurels bind thee closer to my heart:
My verse thy merits to the world shall teach,
And love the genius it despairs to reach.

Yet, what is wit, and what the Poet's art?
Can Genius shield the vulnerable heart?
Ah, no! where bright imagination reigns,
The fine-wrought spirit feels acuter pains:
Where glow exalted sense, and taste refin'd,
There keener anguish rankles in the mind:
There feeling is diffus'd thro' ev'ry part,
Thrills in each nerve, and lives in all the heart:
And those, whose gen'rous souls each tear wou'd
keep

From others eyes, are born themselves to weep.

Say,

Say, can the boasted pow'rs of wit and song,
 Of life one pang remove, one hour prolong?
 Presumptuous hope! which daily truth deride;
 For you, alas! have wept—and *Garrick* dy'd!
 Ne'er shall my heart his lov'd remembrance lose,
 Guide, critic, guardian, glory of my muse!
 Oh, shades of Hampton! witness as I mourn,
 Cou'd wit or song elude his destin'd urn?
 Tho' living virtue still your haunts endears,
 Yet bury'd worth shall justify my tears!
Garrick! those pow'rs which form a friend were
 thine;
 And let me add, with pride, that friend was mine:
 With pride! at once the vain emotion's fled;
 Far other thoughts are sacred to the dead.

Who now with spirit keen, yet judgment cool,
 Th' unequal wand'rings of my muse shall rule?
 Whose partial praise my worthless verse ensure?
 For Candor smil'd, when *Garrick* wou'd endure.
 If harsher critics were compell'd to blame,
 I gain'd in friendship what I lost in fame;
 And friendship's fost'ring smiles can well repay
 What critic rigour justly takes away.

[With

With keen acumen how his piercing eye
The fault, conceal'd from vulgar view, wou'd
spy!

While with a gen'rous warmth he strove to hide,
Nay vindicate the fault his judgment spied.
So pleas'd, cou'd he detect a happy line,
That he wou'd fancy merit ev'n in mine.
Oh gen'rous error, when by friendship bred!
His praises flatter'd me, but not miss'd.

No narrow views cou'd bound his lib'ral mind;
His friend was man, his party human kind.
Agreed in this, opposing statesmen strove
Who most shou'd gain his praise, or court his
love.

His worth all hearts as to one centre drew;
Thus Tully's Atticus was Cæsar's too.

His wit so keen, it never miss'd its end;
So blameless too, it never lost a friend;
So chaste, that Modesty ne'er learn'd to fear;
So pure, Religion might unwounded hear.

How his quick mind, strong pow'rs and ardent
heart,
Impoverish'd nature, and exhausted art,
A brighter

A brighter bard records *, a deathiefs muse !—
 But I his talents in his virtues lose :
 Great parts are Nature's gift ; but that he shone
 Wife, moral, good and virtuous—was his own.
 Tho' Time his silent hand across has stole,
 Soft'ning the tints of sorrow on the soul ;
 The deep impressiön long my heart shall fill,
 And every mellow'd trace be perfect still.

Forgive, *Boscarwen*, if my sorrowing heart,
 Intent on grief, forget the rules of art ;
 Forgive, if wounded recollection melt—
 You best can pardon, who have oft'nest felt.
 You, who for many a friend and hero mourn,
 Who bend in anguish o'er the frequent urn ;
 You who have found how much the feeling heart
 Shapes its own wound, and points itself the dart ;
 You, who from tender sad experience feel
 The wounds such minds receive can never heal ;
 That grief a thousand entrances can find,
 Where parts superior dignify the mind ;
 Wou'd you renounce the pangs these feelings give,
 Secure in joyless apathy to live ?

* Mr. Sheridan's Monody.

For

For tho' in souls, where taste and sense abound,
Pain thro' a thousand avenues can wound;
Yet the same avenues are open still,
To casual blessings as to casual ill.
Nor is the trembling temper more awake
To every wound which misery can make,
Than is the finely-fashion'd nerve alive
To every transport pleasure has to give.
For if, when home-felt joys the mind elate,
It mourns in secret for another's fate;
Yet when its own sad griefs invade the breast,
Abroad, in other blessings, see it blest!
Ev'n the soft sorrow of remember'd woe
A not unpleasing sadness may bestow.

Let not the vulgar read this pensive strain,
Their jests the tender anguish wou'd profane:
Yet these some deem the happiest of their kind,
Whose low enjoyments never reach'd the mind;
Who ne'er a pain but for themselves have known,
Nor ever felt a sorrow but their own;
Who call romantic every finer thought,
Conceiv'd by pity, or by friendship wrought.
Ah! wherefore happy? where's the kindred mind?
Where, the large soul that takes in human kind?

Where,

Where, the best passions of the mortal breast ?
 Where, the warm blessing when another's blest ?
 Where, the soft lenitives of others' pain,
 The social sympathy, the sense humane ?
 The sigh of rapture, and the tear of joy,
 Anguish that charms, and transports that destroy ?
 For tender Sorrow has her pleasures too ;
 Pleasures, which prosp'rous Dulness never knew.
 She never knew, in all her coarser bliss,
 The sacred rapture of a pain like this !
 Nor think, the cautious only are the just ;
 Who never was deceiv'd I wou'd not trust.
 Then take, ye happy vulgar ! take your part
 Of sordid joy, which never touch'd the heart.
 Benevolence, which seldom stays to chuse,
 Lest pausing Prudence teach her to refuse ;
 Friendship, which once determin'd, never swerves,
 Weighs ere it trusts, but weighs not ere it serves ;
 And soft-ey'd Pity, and Forgiveness bland,
 And melting Charity with open hand ;
 And artless Love, believing and believ'd,
 And gen'rous Confidence which ne'er deceiv'd ;
 And Mercy stretching out, ere Want can speak,
 To wipe the tear from pale Affliction's cheek ;
 These ye have never known !—then take your part
 Of sordid joy, which never touch'd the heart.

Ye,

Ye, who have melted in bright Glory's flame,
 Or felt the spirit-stirring breath of fame!
 Ye noble few! in whom her promis'd meed
 Wakes the great thought, and makes the wish the
 deed!

Ye, who have tasted the delight to give,
 And God's own agents, bid the wretched live;
 Who the chill haunts of Desolation seek,
 Raise the sunk heart, and flush the fading cheek!
 Ye, who with pensive Petrarch love to mourn,
 Or weave fresh chaplets for Tibullus' urn:
 Who cherish both in Hammond's plaintive lay,
 The Provence myrtle, and the Roman bay!
 Ye, who divide the joys and share the pains
 Which merit feels, or Heav'n-born Fancy feigns;
 Wou'd you renounce such joys, such pains as
 these,

For vulgar pleasures, or for selfish ease?
 Wou'd you, to 'scape the pain the joy forego;
 And miss the transport to avoid the woe?
 Wou'd you the sense of real sorrow lose,
 Or cease to wooe the melancholy Muse?
 No, Greville*! no!—Thy song tho' steep'd in
 tears,

Tho' all thy soul in all thy strain appears;

* See the beautiful Ode to Indifference.

Yet wou'dst thou all thy well-sung anguish chuse,
And all th' inglorious peace thou begg'st, refuse.

Or you, *Boscawen*! when you fondly melt,
In raptures none but mothers ever felt;
And view enamour'd in your beauteous race,
All *Leveson*'s sweetnesss, and all *Beaufort*'s grace!
Yet think what dangers each lov'd child may share,
The youth if valiant, and the maid if fair;
That perils multiply as blessings flow,
And constant sorrows on enjoyments grow:
You, who have felt how fugitive is joy,
That while we clasp the phantom we destroy;
That life's bright sun is dimm'd by clouded views,
And who have most to love have most to lose;
Yet from these fair possessions wou'd you part,
To shield from future pain your guarded heart?
Wou'd your fond mind renounce its tender boast,
Or wish their op'ning bloom of promise lost?
Yield the dear hopes, which break upon your view,
For all the quiet, Dulness ever knew?
Debase the objects of your tend'rest pray'r,
To save the dangers of a distant care?
Consent, to shun the anxious fears you prove;
They less shou'd merit, or you less shou'd love?

Yet,

Yet, while I hail the Sympathy Divine,
Which makes, O man! the wants of others thine:
I mourn heroic JUSTICE, scarcely own'd,
And *Principle* for *Sentiment* dethron'd.
While *Feeling* boasts her ever-tearful eye,
Stern *Truth*, firm *Faith*, and manly *Virtue* fly.

Sweet SENSIBILITY! thou soothing pow'r,
Who shedd'st thy blessings on the natal hour,
Like fairy favours! Art can never seize,
Nor Affectation catch thy pow'r to please:
Thy subtle essence still eludes the chains
Of Definition, and defeats her pains.
Sweet Sensibility! thou keen delight!
Thou hasty moral! sudden sense of right!
Thou untaught goodness! Virtue's precious seed!
Thou sweet precursor of the gen'rous deed!
Beauty's quick relish! Reason's radiant morn,
Which dawns soft light before Reflection's born!
To those who know thee not, no words can paint!
And those who know thee, know all words are faint!
'Tis not to mourn because a sparrow dies;
To rave in artificial extasies:
'Tis not to melt in tender *Otway's* fires;
'Tis not to faint when injur'd *Shore* expires:

'Tis

'Tis not because the ready eye o'erflows
At *Clementina's*, or *Clarissa's* woes.

Forgive, O RICHARDSON ! nor think I mean,
With cold contempt, to blast thy peerless scene:
If some faint love of virtue glow in me,
Pure spirit ! I first caught that flame from thee.

While soft Compassion silently relieves,
Loquacious *Feeling* hints how much she gives;
Laments how oft her wounded heart has bled,
And boasts of many a tear she never shed.

As words are but th' external marks, to tell
The fair ideas in the mind that dwell;
And only are of things the outward sign,
And not the things themselves, they but define;
So exclamations, tender tones, fond tears,
And all the graceful drapery Pity wears;
These are not Pity's self, they but express
Her inward sufferings by their pictur'd dress;
And these fair marks, reluctant I relate,
These lovely symbols may be counterfeit.
Celestial Pity ! why must I deplore,
Thy sacred image stamp'd on basest ore ?

There

There are, who fill with brilliant plaints the page,
If a poor linnet meet the gunner's rage :
There are who for a dying fawn display
The tend'rest anguish in the sweetest lay ;
Who for a wounded animal deplore,
As if friend, parent, country were no more ;
Who boast quick rapture trembling in their eye,
If from the spider's snare they save a fly ;
Whose well-sung sorrows every breast inflame,
And break all hearts but his from whom they came.
Yet scorning life's *dull* duties to attend,
Will persecute a wife, or wrong a friend ;
Alive to every woe by *fiction* dress'd ;
The innocent he wrong'd, the wretch distress'd,
May plead in vain ; their suff'rings come not near,
Or he relieves them cheaply with a tear.
Not so the tender moralist * of Tweed ;
His *Man of Feeling* is a man indeed.

Oh, bless'd Compassion! Angel Charity !
More dear one genuine deed perform'd for thee,
Than all the periods Feeling e'er can turn,
Than all thy soothing pages, polish'd STERNE !

* Mr. Mackenzie, Author of the *Mirror*, *Man of Feeling*, &c.

Not that by deeds alone this love's express,
 If so, the affluent only were the blest.
 One silent wish, one pray'r, one soothing word,
 The precious page of Mercy shall record;
 One soul-felt sigh by pow'rless Pity giv'n,
 Accepted incense! shall ascend to Heav'n.

Since trifles make the sum of human things,
 And half our mis'ry from our foibles springs;
 Since life's best joys consist in peace and ease,
 And few can save or serve, but all may please:
 Oh! let th' ungentle spirit learn from hence,
 A small unkindness is a great offence.
 Large bounties to bestow we wish in vain;
 But all may shun the guilt of giving pain.
 To bless mankind with tides of flowing wealth,
 With pow'r to grace them, or to crown with
 health,

Our little lot denies; but Heav'n decrees
 To all, the gift of ministr'ing to ease.
 The gentle offices of patient love,
 Beyond all flatt'ry, and all price above;
 The mild forbearance at another's fault,
 The taunting word suppress'd as soon as thought;
 On these Heav'n bade the bliss of life depend,
 And crush'd ill fortune when he made a *Friend*.

A solitary blessing few can find,
 Our joys with those we love are intertwin'd ;
 And he, whose helpful tenderness removes
 Th' obstructing thorn which wounds the breast
 he loves,
 Smooths not another's rugged path alone,
 But scatters roses to adorn his own.

The hint malevolent, the look oblique,
 The obvious satire, or implied dislike ;
 The sneer equivocal, the harsh reply,
 And all the cruel language of the eye ;
 The artful injury, whose venom'd dart,
 Scarce wounds the hearing while it stabs the heart ;
 The guarded phrase whose meaning kills, yet told,
 The list'ner wonders how you thought it cold ;
 Small slights, contempt, neglect unmix'd with
 hate,
 Make up in number what they want in weight.
 These, and a thousand griefs minute as these,
 Corrode our comfort, and destroy our ease.

As this strong feeling tends to good or ill,
 It gives fresh pow'r to vice or principle ;
 'Tis not peculiar to the wise and good ;
 'Tis passion's flame, the virtue of the blood.

But

But to divert it to its proper course,
 There Wisdom's pow'r appears, there Reason's
 force;
 If, ill-directed, it pursues the wrong,
 It adds new strength to what before was strong;
 Breaks out in wild irregular desires,
 Disorder'd passions, and illicit fires.
 But if the virtuous bias rule the soul,
 This lovely feeling then adorns the whole;
 Sheds its sweet sunshine on the moral part,
 Nor wastes on fancy what shou'd warm the
 heart.
 Cold and inert the mental pow'rs wou'd lie,
 Without this quick'ning spark of Deity.
 To draw the rich materials from the mine,
 To bid the mass of intellect refine;
 To melt the firm, to animate the cold,
 And Heav'n's own impress stamp on nature's
 gold;
 To give immortal MIND its finest tone,
 Oh, SENSIBILITY! is all thy own.
 THIS is th' ethereal flame which lights and
 warms,
 In song transports us, and in action charms.

'Tis *THIS* that makes the pensive strains of *GRAY**
Win to the open heart their easy way.

Makes the touch'd spirit glow with kindred fire,
When sweet *Serena*'s † poet wakes the lyre.

'Tis *this*, tho' Nature's hidden treasures lie,
Bare to the keen inspection of her eye,
Makes *Portland*'s face its brightest rapture wear,
When her large bounty smoothes the bed of care.

'Tis *this* that breathes thro' *Sevigne*'s sweet page,
That nameless grace which soothes a second age.

'Tis *this* whose charms the soul resistless seize,
And gives *Boscawen* half her pow'r to please.

Yet, why those terrors? why that anxious care?
Since your last ‡ hope the deathful war will dare?
Why dread that energy of soul which leads
To dang'rous glory by heroic deeds?

* This is meant of the *Elegy in a Country Church Yard*; of which exquisite Poem, *Sensibility* is, perhaps the characteristic beauty.

† Triumphs of Temper.

‡ Viscount Falmouth, Admiral *Boscawen*'s only remaining son, was then in America, and at the battle of Lexington.

Why

Why tremble lest this ardent soul aspire?—
You fear the son because you knew the sire.
Hereditary valour you deplore,
And dread, yet wish to find one hero more.

THE END.

A POETICAL EPISTLE

Why tremble I, this moment, when I see
You fear the son I know the best
Hardihood valour, yet what more
And death, yet what more



THE END

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